

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 18, 1958

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MEMO *from the publisher*

IN last week's 19th Hole Mr. W. Travis Walton of Abilene, Texas, considering the sad times on which baseball's minor leagues have fallen, also came up with some major thoughts on the contemporary sporting scene. "Before World War II," wrote Mr. Walton, in part, "the American public was a nation of watchers. Times have changed. America has become a nation of doers."



MAGIC SHOVEL

Two sports events of worldwide importance just last week showed me again how significantly SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's writers and readers are a family of "doers." In Dublin, Ireland, in what surely must rank as the single most extraordinary track event in history, four miles from three nations substantially bettered the world record for the mile, and a fifth ran well under the once-fabled four-minute mile (see page 26). Yet the talk from Dublin's spanking new Santry clunder track centered not only on the new records but also on the astounding springiness and condition of the track on which the mile was run—the track which was built with a substantial assist from Associate Editor Gerald Holland and the readers of this magazine (*Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel*, SI, July 29, '57).

Last January, Dublin's ubiquitous amateur sports promoter, Billy Morton, wrote Holland, "Your readers can take good credit for all they have

done for us." And last week world-record miler Herb Elliott said, "I intend to take particulars of this superb track back to Australia."

Last week also, in Miami Beach, another doer met with singular success. Charles Goren, whose sage and sprightly advice on cards has become such a highly anticipated part of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's weekly fare, with his partner, Mrs. Helen Sobel, ran off with the Life Masters Pairs Bridge Championships for the second time in the 19 years they have been playing bridge together.

Goren and Mrs. Sobel won this most important of championships the hard way. After taking an early lead, they slipped behind and in the third round were in ninth place. Then, after what all observers called "a brilliant finish" on the third and most pressure-filled day of the tournament, they won by a slim margin of six points. Bridge players take note: the margin of victory might very well have been one of the key hands in the last round, in which Goren "aggressively refrained" from doubling a five-spade bid that was made at nearly every table.

His column next week, a further account of the tournament, will be still another example of the happy habit SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has of bringing you the doings of sport by the doers themselves.



MAGIC HAND

Harry Phillips

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If the handsome young Texan beats Floyd Patterson in their big fight next week, boxing may see its finest revival since the good old days of Jack Dempsey. (See pages 6 and 10.)

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



► Pine Valley in Clementon, N.J. is the world's toughest golf course, and Photographer Richard Meek shows in four pages of startling color why it has earned its reputation.

► After four years as a paid college athlete at Auburn, All-American Emil Jett Phillips suddenly finds that pro football is easier on his conscience, and he tells Don Parker why.

► SPORTS ILLUSTRATED takes you into the air with a special survey on private flying—from the latest planes to the story of a housewife who earned her wings on vacation.

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD—HERR ELLIOTT led fantastic record-breaking mile parade over Dublin's new cinders for world record 2:54.3, had enough energy left to take extra lap for applause of 20,000 spectators. Three others who paraded with him and also bettered John Landy's recognized 3:58 for mile were: Merv Lincoln, 3:55.9; Ron Delany, 3:57.5; Murray Halberg, 3:57.5. Next night, Albert Thomas, diminutive Australian clerk, established himself as one of world's most versatile distance runners, lowered world record for two miles to 8:32 (see page 36).

UNITED STATES men scored 121-68 point victory over Hungarians in dual meet in Budapest. Standout was Glenn Davis of Ohio State who broke own 490-meter-hurdle world record, with 49.2 time, 5/10 better than time in 1956 Olympics tryouts. Hungary's Jozsef Ruzsnavolgyi broke own listed record in 1,500 meters with 3:40.3. U.S. girls, beaten recently in Moscow and Warsaw meets, took Hungarian women 64-54.

GOLF—SWISS WOMEN, defending champions of 15th Curtis Cup golf competition, kept steady pressure on U.S. women at West Newton, Mass., managed 43-y-43-y day and night to retain trophy for two more years. In three foursome matches Britons gained 2-1 lead on strength of finer putting touch, gave three-time English Champion Frances Smith course of decisive final round against Fort Worth's Polly Riley, saw her win 2-1 (see page 22).

BASEBALL—ST. LOUIS CARDINALS ignited their crippled wings, beat up from last place to first division with six straight wins, 45 runs, a markedly new approach to offense after prior week's six losses, 32 runsless innings. Pirates, despite three losses to Braves, sailed back with sweep of Cincinnati series, came within half game of slowly sliding second-place Giants. Braves, with the self-satisfaction that comes with substantial lead, moseyed through week winning five, losing three, looking ahead to October.

YANKEES, despite unassailable perch, somehow provoked crowd of 167,300 to turn out, watch them split four-game weekend series with Red Sox in American League continued to play out weary schedule.

BOXING—AGELESS ARTHUR MOORE and Garfield Howard ("I'm a good-looking guy") King in fifth fight together showed nice respect for one another's feelings, scored through 10-round boutlike match in Reno, wound up with draw.

SHONKY LUTHERS dismantled Benny Toronto Packer Wayne Bethes with heavy-handed tactics of rights and lefts to score TKO in 1:00 of first round in Chicago heavyweight bout. Next day, Bethes, 24, minus seven teeth and all future ambitions, wisely called halt to four-year-old professional career.

GENE (ACE) ARMSTRONG, with reputation of solid club-fighting experience, made first national TV appearance in Madison Square Garden, scored 15th consecutive win with 19-round unanimous decision over overtime high-walking Eory Calhoun. Unbeaten Armstrong dropped Calhoun four times.

BRIDGE—CHARLES H. GOREN and MRS. EILEEN GOREN, who have won more national championships together than any other pair, won yet another in Miami Beach as they came from far behind in the final-round competition to capture the prized Life Masters Pair.

HORSE RACING—PLANO JIM placed Twister Stakes by ear, won first stakes race (and \$25,000) at Santa Anita Springs. The 3-year-old kept lead more of way in Travers, oldest recognized stakes in country, slacked off to Grey Monarch at eighth pole, regained front again with sixteenth of mile to go. Winner ran mile-and-a-quarter in 2:06¹/₂, under Bob Uerry.

SWOONERSON, for second year in row, captured \$151,150 Equuscup Mile at Arlington Park, this time upset 1-20-favorites Round Table (who ran fifth), moved into fourth place in racing's money-winning list, with \$87,675 share of purse. Under Dave Erb, so last year, Swooner's Son kicked off mile in 1:34¹/₂, fastest time in 10-year history of stake, only two-fifths of a second behind track record set by Equuscup himself.

CONFESSION II, carrying Bill Hartack to fourth victory of day, won \$25,000-added Philadelphia Turf Handicap in Atlantic City by length and a quarter over stablemate Hindu Festival.

TENNIS—MAL ANDERSON, in longest final of 32-year-old Eastern Grass Court teams championships, battled scholarly Ham Richardson for 3¹/₂ hours, at length defeated him 6-3, 6-4, 6-8, 15-13, 6-4. Richardson, one of players on whom U.S. is counting to regain Davis Cup this year, beat Peru's Alejandro Ornela 12-10, 13-11, 6-4 in semifinals. Althea Gibson, who won women's singles title in 1956, did so again (see page 7).

SWIMMING—AUSTRALIANS helped themselves to records at Amateur Athletic Union's senior national outdoor swimming and diving competitions at Indianapolis. Jon Henricks, 100-meter Olympic champion, set an American record of 2:05.2 in 100-meter freestyle, AAU record of 55.8 in 100-meter freestyle. Murray Rose broke AAU mark for 1,500 meters with 13:06.4, American record for 400-meter freestyle with 4:24.5. Both teamed together to help set record AAU time of 8:42.7 for 800-meter freestyle relay.

BOATING—AIDS, with a vigor surprising for her 19 years, continued to aggravate Redjacks Columbia, Enterwater and Weatherly, scored off with five of seven 12-meter races in New York Yacht Club annual cruise. Second set of America's Cup defense trials begins Saturday off Newport, R.I. Columbia dominated first trial.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—STERNING MOSK, taking the lead in fourth lap of international Gouden Racer for sports cars at Karlskoga, Sweden, neatly coaxed Maserati around 90-mile, twisting circuit, was latest best in 1:25.21 with average speed of 65.5 mph.

continued

focus on the deed . . .

IN THE BEGINNING it looked as if Bill Murray's prophecy ("I'll Win the Gold Cup," SE, Aug. 11) might hold water. The two rivals that could best scuffle his chances, the monstrous halfpint, Maurice and the jumpy Bush called *Maude*. Kay were set against one another in heats 1-A and 2-B. But at the start of heat 2-B Kay abandoned both Murray and his new *Miss Thorough* as they sailed into the first turn and inviolate into a Coast Guard packet boat. The crash sent two-time winner Murray (upper right) and four gunners to the hospital, *Miss Thorough* and the 40-foot boat to the bottom of Lake

Wabigoon. After that, there was little doubt among some 500,000 spectators that Jack Beas and *Maude*. Kay would be the ultimate winner. Which he was. He won as well, in fact, that he packed up almost all the available points—1,200 for victories in all three of the 30-mile heats, a bonus of 400 for the fastest heat and 400 more for the best overall (and recent) time. *Maude*. Kay looked over the finish line, the 100. Beas almost stood up in his seat, waving a checkered flag in triumph. Then, sports-casting he wheeled the biplane in a tight turn to give officials, press and spectators a thorough soaking.



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SCOREBOARD

ROOKIE of Hightstown, N.C., NASHVILLE's Rookie of the Year in 1987, won first late-model victory of career scoring 1957 4 laps in first place in 100-mile convertible race at Charlotte, N.C. With an average speed of 58.07 mph, Nash's time was 1:43.4. Larry Frank, Ayrer, N.C., was second in 1957 Chevrolet.

FOOTBALL—PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE, by one's surprise, formally voted itself into the past after 10 years of backering. Motion to dissolve 43-year-old conference was presented by Stanford, seconded by Washington State, approved unanimously.

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING—CLEVELAND'S EDGEWATER YACHT CLUB over Backlog Lake won on its own of Folia-Bog, Ohio, for right to represent area in North American Junior (12-17) sailing championships of Vancouver, B.C., this month.

BOWLING—PAULINE RICKEL, Omaha, 2000 over 10-handicap endurance championship, Omaha, Utah, with average 197 for 20 consecutive games.

BOXING—WILBERT McCURIE, Toledo, Ohio, 10-round decision over Lawrence Cordova, 1 win, 10 for 10, middleweight title of International Diamond Belt amateur tournament, Mexico City. ROQUE MARIALLA, 10-round split decision over Joaquin Hernandez, light heavyweight, Dallas. JACKSON BROWN, 10-round split decision over Barry Allison, for New England Middleweight championship, Norwood, Mass. WILFRED PEP, 10-round decision over Juan Rodriguez, featherweight, Panama City, Panama. FABIEN G. PEELE, world featherweight champion, 10-round decision over Tim Rappin, middleweight, Cindat Tzaville, Dominican Republic. DOMMIE CRIBBS, 8-round KO over Tawana Tawana, Springfield, Illinois.

GOLF—MARY LENA FAULK, Thompson, Ill., 2000 Meridian Women's Open, Rockford, Ill., with 215 for 24 holes over Joyce Bala, Milwaukee, Wis. ERNIE MAWHITT, Columbus, Ohio, defending champion of Union Pringrill international tournament, Silver Springs, Md., with 203 for 72 holes over Joseph Bala, Rockford, Ill., and Joseph Tala, Rockford, Ill., with 237. LIEUT. MILLER BARKER, Paros Air Force Base, Texas, Air Training Command championship tournament, with 203 for 72 holes over David John Pith, Langford Air Force Base, Texas, with 201. AL BALDING, Toronto, Canadian Professional match play championship, over Lloyd Taylor, Kitchener, Ont., 3 and 2. MARLENE STEWART STREET, Peachtree, Ga., for her 30th Canadian Women's Open title, over Mary Gay, Calgary, 7 and 6.

HARNESS RACING—SPUNKY HANOVER, 400-117 Yonkers Trot, 1:11 PM, by 34 lengths over McCally, Trackers Harrow, Robert Casper, driver. BEILE ACTON: Both ends of \$10,000 added purse drive at Grandstand, Cleveland, first with 1:15.9 1/4, for second record. Stowed mile in 2:00 1/4 for total of 3:29 1/4 and another world record, Al Thomas, driver.

HOCKEY—KAREN MAGNUM, Hingham, Texas, National All-Around Concept title of 1988 annual National High School championships, Sulphur, Tex.

SWIMMING—DAWN FRASER, Australia, 100-yard freestyle in 1:00.2 at Dutch championships, Schiedam, The Netherlands, setting new world record of 1:00.2 at during British Empire Games, Cardiff, July 31.

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3—Marlene Nathan 4—DPI, Richard Neel 5—JPL 6—A.P. Thomas 7—Adrian NACCA 8—Mike Borchers 9—31—A.Y. Owen 10—12 13—Morgan 14—Garcia 15—Rapha-Gallant 16—25—Mike 17—18—21—Parker 22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1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233—2234—2235—2236—2237—2238—2239—2240—2241—2242—2243—2244—2245—2246—2247—2248—2249—2250—2251—2252—2253—2254—2255—2256—2257—2258—2259—2260—2261—2262—2263—2264—2265—2266—2267—2268—2269—2270—2271—2272—2273—2274—2275—2276—2277—2278—2279—2280—2281—2282—2283—2284—2285—2286—2287—2288—2289—2290—2291—2292—2293—2294—2295—2296—2297—2298—2299—2300—2301—2302—2303—2304—2305—2306—2307—2308—2309—2310—2311—2312—2313—2314—2315—2316—2317—2318—2319—23

faces in the crowd . . .



CHARLES HANSEN, 23, of Pueblo, Colo., ran around up 14,110-foot PikesPeak, lapsed right around and ran back, did whole thing in 4:29.4 to be the first of 15 other long-winded runners to reach the bottom.

JOHN WOLCOTE, 26, in bon knocked together in Cornell's Chi Psi fraternity house, won the National Single Selling Championships on Lake Champlain, Jamestown, N.Y. His crew consisted of Ron Payne, 17.



BOB WHATELY, Norfolk, Va., ranked fourth in national convertible standings, by barest bumper length beat Bob Weiborn in 164-mile NASCAR Sweepstakes driving 1958 Ford in Nashville at 58.36 mph.

FALLY MOORE, first-time tennis junior who lost to Athena Gleen in Pennsylvania finale last month, engaged Wimbledon champion again at Eastern Grass tournament, lost finale 9-7, 6-3.



BOB EITNER, despite three record-breaking performances shot by James Caspers, became the national target archery champion at St. Paul meet. The 21-year-old archery salesman scored 3,417 points.

DECK RALSTON, 17, fifth-ranked in the Jaycee National Tennis tournament at Chapel Hill, N.C., wanted his way up to the top, defeated Georgia Tech's Ned Neely 6-3, 6-1, 4-6, 6-2 for the junior title.



CAROL ANN MANN, 17, of Olympia Field, Ill., went into final one of Women's Westerns Junior tournament even with Sharon Fladson, 18, gained edge on 11th hole for eventual 3 and 2 victory at Chicago.



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A TALL TEXAN TALE

Unlike most from the Lone-Star State, this one is true: the lurid story of Cut 'N Shoot and its attractive son, Roy Harris, who next week fights for the world's heavyweight championship by JOE DAVID BROWN

It must be recorded that there are any number of hardy folk, often healthy and even unscarred, who refuse to go along with the notion that everything in Texas is badder and bolder, hotter or colder, than it is elsewhere. Some of these skeptical citizens spend much of their time in smoky arenas watching bull-like young men try to knock each other's brains out, and they are called boxing writers. Texas won its greatest victory since the Battle of San Jacinto a few weeks ago when most of these gentlemen rapturously reached for their typewriters to agree that, come what may, never before had they met the likes of a broad-shouldered, pleasant young fighter named Robert Roy Harris.

Harris, of course, is the relatively unknown 26-year-old Texan who will meet Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship in Los Angeles next week. Admittedly, he has some peculiar handicaps. He is a college graduate, a former Army officer and, worst of all, a schoolteacher. From a purely statistical standpoint, he would have a more promising future in the book-bating business if he were, say, an unemployed artichoke picker who never finished the eighth grade or an ex-Army yardbird who spent most of his time in the stockade for brawling. But it would be a mistake to place too much emphasis on Roy's cultural accomplishments. He comes from Cut 'N Shoot, Texas, of a fine old family of knife, knee and knuckle fighters who believe in putting first things first. As his mother, Gladys, tartly reminded a reporter not so long ago: "Roy started fightin'

long before he ever went to college."

Roy, a modest, intelligent young man, who looks deceptively small until he starts shucking clothes off his 6-foot, 192-pound, finely muscled frame, is looking forward to his meeting with Patterson with a measure of confidence. Last week as he lolled in the California sunshine on the patio of his plush \$100-a-day villa at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, where he is training, he tagged thoughtfully at his bare toes. "Ah don't see why Ah can't beat him. You can't ever tell until you get in there, but Ah've been fightin' longer than he has. He's been a pro longer, but Ah've been fightin' amateur ever since Ah was 12. Ah'm a little bigger'n he is and Ah think Ah'm probably stronger. People are always askin' if Ah can hit as hard. Well, now, Ah don't know. All Ah know is Ah hit hard enough to knock somebody out if Ah get the chance."

Roy may well be the best heavyweight fighter Texas has produced since mighty Jack Johnson went from the docks of Galveston on to the world's championship more than 50 years ago. But since he has never fought beyond the friendly confines of his home state, nor even been seen on national television, he will have to try for the top crown in fistdom before he proves his true worth.

Without question, however, as the nation's leading boxing writers discovered when they sought Roy out last month, he has the most colorful background of any fighter of this century. "This is the first time I've ever had to tone down a true story so my readers would believe it," admitted one harassed New York sportswriter.

Cut 'N Shoot, which Roy calls home, is a community of 194 carefree souls. It lies only four and a half miles east of the little modern and oil-rich town of Conroe and only 46-odd miles from Houston's skyscrapers, but it is dominated by the Big Thicket of Texas—a mysterious, wooded country heavy with wild orchids, palmetto swamps, loblolly pines, alligators and herds of wild horses. There are many stories about how Cut 'N Shoot got its name. The one most generally accepted is that it started when rival factions in a local church couldn't settle a matter of ritual and gathered together one evening to "cut and shoot it out." Some visitors find Cut 'N Shoot a dead ringer for Dogpatch in *L'il Abner*. Others think it has sprung full-blown out of one of Erskine Caldwell's novels. Folks still live in log cabins in Cut 'N Shoot, brawl in lumber camps, make moonshine whisky in the thickets, consider themselves well-dressed in a new pair of overalls.

SEVEN KIDS, THIRTEEN HOUNDS

The fist is still the law of the land in Cut 'N Shoot and, nowadays and for some years past, the focal point of the community has been the home of the Harris clan. Originally it was a four-room log cabin, but years ago Big Henry Harris, Roy's father, bought a yellow clapboard shotgun house and attached it to the southeast end of the log house to help accommodate his growing brood of seven children. A sagging single porch, partly shaded by a wisteria vine, now joins the two buildings. A hunting horn to call the thirteen hounds which sleep under and around the house hangs from a peg on the front porch. Razorback hogs grunt about the front yard. Part of Big Henry's herd of 75 woods cattle lazily chew their euds in the shade of the house. Countless chickens mill around under the front porch and occasionally wander into the house.



AS HANDSOME AS TWOHOME AS TEXAS CAN OFFER, ROY AND WIFE JEAN RELAX UNAFFECTEDLY IN PINE-PANELED LIVING ROOM

The first Harris to settle in the environs of Cut 'N Shoot was Roy's grandpappy. He came from Oklahoma in 1913, and his signing name was John Wesley, but nobody ever called him anything except Cussin' because of his awe-inspiring swearing. When Cussin' was really riled, his language reportedly wilted swamp lilies and sent men and beast high-tailing for cover. "He never talked ordinary-like hardly a-tall," recalls an oldtimer. "He jes' cussed. But nobody ever had to aut him twice't what he meant."

Cussin' topped six feet by several inches but was as thin as a first-growth pine. He fancied himself something of a dandy and always wore a bright red bandanna around his neck. "Fact of the matter were, Cussin' were as ugly as something the buzzards left," said a former neighbor, "hut in his mind he were a mighty handsome man and he'd whup hell outta anybody who said different."

Cussin' sired 16 children in all, and three of his sons—Jack, now 67; Bob, now 51; and Henry, Roy's father, now 48—became the out-ridingest, out-fightingest general all-round bell-ringers in the Big Thicket.

Some of the brawls the Harris brothers had were so titanic that they became legends. On one memorable occasion Brother Bob took an ax handle and in 10 minutes flat sent 16 men to the hospital. Another historic free-for-all occurred one night when a group of neighbors got together for a shindig and, presumably to insure the peace, sent word to Brother Jack that he wasn't invited. Stung by this slight, Jack rounded up Bob and Henry and went anyway. Jack then went around the dance floor and asked every lady present to dance. When they all refused, he walked to the middle of the floor and announced: "Thar ain't a lady heah wants to dance. I done asked them all, and afore I'll let any of you make 'em dance I'll die and go to Hell."

In the general melee which followed, one man rashly drew a pistol on Jack. Jack took it away from him and beat it to pieces on his head. Another man attacked Jack from behind with a fence rail—which Jack used to break his assailant's back.

An even more serious episode occurred one night when 11 men tried to bushwhack Bob. They called him

out on the road and offered him a drink of moonshine. When he lifted the bottle, one of the men slugged him with a car jack. Another man jumped on Bob and stabbed him 13 times before Bob managed to open his own knife with his teeth. He almost decapitated the man, who got up and ran in a circle before he fell down dead.

OIL AND TROUBLED WATERS

But the Harris clan made its greatest name for fighting back in the early '30s, after oil was discovered in the Big Thicket. The first well was brought in in 1932 and it turned out to be a major strike. Everybody seemed to want in on the bonanza. Almost overnight the population of little nearby Conroe swelled from 2,000 to 15,000. Folks in the Big Thicket didn't know anything about oil and cared less. They resented the hordes of furriners who invaded their privacy. Besides, when the oil companies leased land they fenced it off. They laid roads where trails had been, cut timber, scared off game, were always stumbling into hollows where moonshine stills had been safe from prying eyes for generations.

continued

The Harrises led the fight against the invaders. They headed gangs of horsemen who rode hell-for-leather all over the area, pulling down fences, waylaying oil crews, bringing road building to a halt. Sometimes they would ride right up to a well site, pull the drillers off the platform and flail the daylighters out of them.

Brother Jack was the first Harris to realize the futility of trying to halt the growing army of oilmen. He decided to fine them. He hired a crew of toughs and contracted to dig slush pits for the oil wells. "Jack was allus kinda partial to ex-convicts," declared an old acquaintance. "He got together the meanest, crneriest bunch you ever seen, an' I reckon he could lick 'em all."

Jack struck up a warm friendship with one of his mule skinnners named Roy Tipton. Tipton was on the lam from Chicago, where he was a cohort of Machine Gun Kelly. In fact, all the Harrises became fond of Tipton. When Henry's second son, the future heavyweight contender, was born on June 29, 1933, he was named Roy after the gangster.

Eventually, Texas Rangers had to be called in to restore law in the Big Thicket. Their job was made some-

what easier by the fact that the insurrection was waning. Oil wells were multiplying so rapidly that even the most stubborn landowners realized that they were fighting a losing battle.

Today Henry Harris denies that he fought the oil gangs because of pure cussedness. "The oil boom brought every no-good in the country here, and they were stealing my hawks and everything else," he explains. "I didn't want to send nobody to the pen so I just beat hell outta them."

Finally, even the Harrises patched together a truce with the oil interests. Over the years the deal has produced more acrimony than profits. The Harris brothers refuse to discuss the subject, but friends declare they are still angry because they feel other relatives were responsible for their aged mother signing away mineral rights on the family's 320 acres for only a few thousand dollars and an eighth share in the oil yield. Since their mother's death, the eighth share in three producing wells sunk on the property is, in turn, split among eight heirs. "It don't pay much," says Henry. "Just some." Henry also draws a small stipend from the oil company for checking the wells daily. The only other tangible benefit is a perpetually burning natural gas flare leading from one of the wells. It was

by this flickering light that Roy and Tobe boxed to all hours almost every night when they were boys.

Big Henry Harris is still a man to reckon with. He is level-eyed and level-talking and packs a well-distributed 237 pounds on his 6-foot 2½-inch frame. Until Roy blossomed forth into the big time he was his trainer and always seconded him in the ring. When he speaks, all his children give him instant and respectful attention. A report gleefully circulated by friends of the Harris family is that when Roy signed to fight Patterson, Big Henry turned to him and said simply: "Now you whup him or I'll whup you." Big Henry smilingly denies that he made such a threat, but friends say he is capable of it and, furthermore, might not do too bad a job in trying to carry it out.

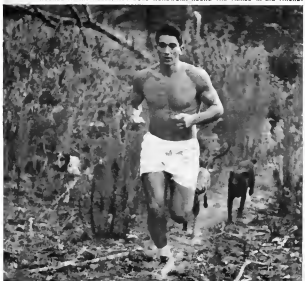
OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY

Despite his own youthful hell-raising proclivities—or maybe because of them—he has always demanded the best from his children. One day after Tobe and Roy had brought home unsatisfactory report cards, he entered the principal's office at the Cut 'N Shoot school, grim-faced and lugging an enormous bundle of switches. He demanded to see his boys' teacher. The principal nervously suggested that perhaps he could cope with any problems. "Git her," Big Henry barked, "or I'll go git her myself." The principal scurried off and soon returned with the frightened teacher. Big Henry looked at her levelly. "I'm not blaming you for my boys' bad grades, ma'am. They didn't study hard enough and it's not your fault." He thrust the bundle of switches at her. "I brought you these. Now if they make bad grades again, it will be your fault." All the Harris children have been above-average or honor students.

Roy's growing success has caused all sorts of changes around the Harris homestead. For years it could be approached only by a winding, rutted road which became a quagmire in rainy weather. Recently the county scraped and graded the road. "If'n ole Roy wins the championship they'll hard-top that road for sho'," one Cut 'N Shooter jubilantly predicted.

Three years ago, when Roy married Jean Grace, whom he first met when they were in a home-making class together in high school, he built his little three-room cottage within spitting distance of his family's home.

HOUNDS AT HIS HEELS, ROY DOES ROADWORK ALONG THE TRAILS IN BIG THICKET



But the grandest addition of all is a large pavilion of pine boards with a corrugated iron roof which houses a worn but thoroughly serviceable boxing ring.

One of the more durable legends circulated about Roy's ring prowess is that he learned to box in a barbed-wire ring. It is almost true. He started boxing, somewhat against his will, when he was 6 and his brother Tobe, who was 16 months older, swapped some ducks for a set of boxing gloves. "Tobe was always crazy about fighting," Roy says, "and every day I had to box with him." Big Henry encouraged the boys' boxing from the start and after a few days sank some sweet-gum posts and built them a ring against two sides of a garden fence. The fence was barbed wire.

Soon every barefoot, overalled boy within running distance was congregating in the Harris side yard to have a turn with the boxing gloves. Henry built a new ring, using more sweet-gum posts and discarded oil-well cable. Campbell (Wildman) Woodman, a burly and affable young man who teaches school in Conroe and who is a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, still recalls that ring with a wry smile. "The strands had broken and curled and it was worse than barbed wire." This may explain why, for all his defensive tactics, Roy Harris seldom touches the ropes in a ring.

Woodman thinks those afternoon sessions might account for the fact that Roy comes out of all his bouts relatively unscathed. "Tobe and I used to make him box us," he says. "We both were bigger than he was and that little old boy had to fight smart or take a beating. It got so it was hard to catch up with him."

Matches were held in the Harris front yard almost every night. Sometimes, to liven things up, Big Henry would bring home toughs and drunks from nearby honky-tonks and put them in the ring against his boys. "We fought all kinds of drunks," Tobe recalls.

Cut 'N Shoot received its first national publicity nine years ago when Tobe and Roy entered the Golden Gloves regional matches at Laifkin. Glen Buffalo, a football coach at Conroe Junior High School, persuaded them that it would be good publicity to let their hair grow long and enter the ring wearing cut-off overalls. There was no need to persuade them to go barefoot. They preferred to

fight that way anyway. Big Henry and Brother Bob grew beards and donned coonskin caps and seconded the boys. Papers all over the country carried stories about the two rubes from Cut 'N Shoot who had never had a store-bought 'n halret and who fought with a John L. Sullivan stance. Tobe and Roy flush even today when the stories are mentioned.

Roy lost only ten of his 83 amateur fights and won the Texas Golden Gloves middleweight championship in 1952 and after that the state light-heavyweight title for three years straight.

EDUCATION VIA THE RING

Roy confesses he never had any intention of turning pro, and never would have unless he had needed the money to go through Sam Houston State Teachers College where he graduated with a B.S. in agriculture. Even so, his earnings for the first couple of years were slim and never ran over \$250 a fight. Tobe, who turned pro first, did even worse—he once collected only \$16 for a main-event bout in Houston. Tobe's career as a pro ended after 27 bouts when he was thrown by a horse and suffered a shoulder injury.

Despite the fact he always won, Roy looked so awkward in the ring that his first manager, Benny King, a Houston druggist, had trouble lining up fights. Besides, some flashy heavyweights around avoided him. Once, in desperation to get a bout, King offered to allow Harris to fight Buddy Turman, a reigning state heavyweight, behind a barn for a token \$64 purse.

Things began looking up after boxing's shrewd fat man, Lou Viscusi, proprietor of Lightweight Champion Joe Brown and Former Featherweight Champ Willie Pep, began taking a public interest in Roy's career. After he beat Willie Pastrano, Roy terminated his relationship with King and went into Viscusi's stable. His explanation is simple: "Ah wasn't altogether satisfied with Benny, and Ah thought Lou could do me more good."

Roy leads an exemplary personal life. Nobody has ever heard him curse, he doesn't smoke and has never even tasted beer. He had never even tasted tea until he married. He bought a 1951 Cadillac last year, but it was the nearest thing to an extravagance anyone has ever seen him commit. Dinny McMahon, veteran



PLEASANTLY SILHOUETTED in doorway is Wynne, 14, one of Roy's four sisters.

trainer and Connecticut Boxing Commissioner who has been assisting ring-wise Bill Gore in his training, said, "The only trouble we have is keeping him from working too hard. He takes instructions eagerly and he never says a word back."

He doesn't have a mean streak and has been known to ease up when an opponent is taking heavy punishment. This worries his supporters considerably, particularly since most of his friends feel he doesn't like fighting anyway. Roy doesn't answer this allegation hotly. Instead he smiles and says thoughtfully: "Ah don't dislike it. Fighting has done a lot for me. It helped me go through college and Ah hope one day it will buy me the boys' camp Ah want. Fighting's been good to me really." He chuckled and shook his head slowly. "It's a funny business, though, isn't it—hitting people in the head."

END

THE BIG FIGHT:

MARTIN KANE'S PREVIEW

IS ON PAGE 42

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Margaret Durrance

THE SNOWS OF PORTILLO

SKIMMING down the billowy bosom of Chile's high Andes, the two skiers shown on the opposite page are enjoying their sport at its superlative finest in a breathtaking high-altitude landscape that normally only experienced mountain climbers ever see. This is Portillo, Chile's Andean ski resort, 10,000 feet up in the loom of snow-capped peaks that tower 20,000 feet or more. It is an area where eternal snows form a base for seasonal snows which, from late May to August, provide another six- or seven-foot layer topped by 18 inches or more of the finest powder. It is a place where the sun blazes hotly in a deep-blue sky and all the visible world is asperkle and aglitter in its radiance; and also, when it storms, a place where the awful majesty of wind and driven snow can be safely viewed from the windows of a luxury hotel (see page 44). Cupped in the rocky embrace of its surrounding peaks, Portillo's skiing is truly phenomenal—from beginners' slopes to every type of glacial and Alpine skiing. And it all reaches the peak of its perfection in July and August, which is the time when most skiers just sit back and ski in their dreams. Here, for a lucky few, these dreams have become reality, as shown in the color photographs on the opposite and following pages.

GRANDEUR of sky and snow at Portillo dwarfs two skiers winging down mountainside trailing swirls of powder.





SUNNING on terrace of Hotel Fortillo, Mimi Mills (left) of Middleburg, Va., Sally Deaver of Whitmarsh, Pa. and Alfonso Diaz-Hidalgo of Lima, Peru relax between runs.





RIDING up from Hotel Portillo, Sally Denver takes first stage of 3,509-foot chair-lift system to top of open slopes at El Plateau.



SWINGING down through light dusting of powder, Kalle Hakkinen (left), Former Olympic Star Stein Eriksen and Sally Dewar make rhythmic descent to Lake of the Inland.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Bridge and Ethics

MIDWAY through the 10-day world championship bridge match with Italy last January, Tobias Stone of the American team lost his temper, none too stable in any event, protested, and set in motion a chain of circumstances that led to his being censured by the American Contract Bridge League and banned from international play for a year. Last week he sued the league to have the censure—in itself unprecedented—removed by court action.

About all that has been known of what happened in Italy is that the American team was decisively beaten. Long dominant in world bridge, the U.S. team was first crushed by the Italians two years ago, when they appeared in New York with an entirely new bidding system, passing in odd situations and suddenly stopping with bidding in full swing. The suave and diplomatic Italians, personally popular and praised by Bridge Master Charles Goren as "fine sportsmen and magnificent players," were also noted to be doing a lot of staring at each other—long, soulful looks that bothered some players and spectators.

In Italy this year, play started in the Casino at Como, with the players in the open room in a soundproof booth, the bidding and the hands shown on a large board outside for the benefit of spectators. (The same hands were played in the closed room, with the Italian team holding the cards the Americans had held in the open room, as in ordinary duplicate bridge, and scoring was by international match points, roughly one for every 100 bridge points.)

After five days the match was moved to Campione, where spectators crowded around the table in the open room. The Americans were told not to show their hands to the audi-

ence. Through an oversight, the Italians were not warned, and on the first hand, as is customary in playing before a gallery, held their cards over their heads so the spectators could see them and follow the bidding.

What happened next is in dispute. The *New York Times* at the time reported that Stone protested. "Protested nothing!" said a bridge official. "Toby screamed!" In another hassle,

Stone said to the Italian player Guglielmo Siniscalco, "Stop staring at your partner!"

"Are you accusing me of cheating?" asked Signor Siniscalco.

"No," said Stone. "It makes me uncomfortable."

The Italian team, winners of the 164-hands match by 211 to 174 points, charged Stone with discourtesy to

continued



Beschlitzed, bothered and bewildered

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

an opponent. Back in the U.S. the Bridge League barred Stone for a year for discourtesy, but cleared him of a second complaint that he had accused the Italians of cheating. Bridge experts say the barring is unnecessary—the Italians wouldn't play against a team of which Stone was a member.

They also say that the conflict dramatizes the different ethical climate of European and American bridge. Betting is heavy during European tournaments and all but unknown, or for small stakes, in American matches. There is no way to codify unethical practices in bridge. It is unethical, for instance, to hesitate on playing a singleton, just as it is to deliberate too long on certain no-trump bids or to go through elaborate facial grimaces, indicating profound uncertainty, whose net result in certain bidding and playing situations can only be to acquaint one's partner of the nature of the cards held. But if any protest is entered, the dispute boils down to something as nebulous as a fleeting expression. Hence bridge officials in the United States hold that the primary aim is to maintain an ethical climate, rather than legislate against concrete acts. They want to avoid the money-saturated, gambling-tense environment of much European tournament play, where, in recent years, both the Italian and the French teams have fired top bridge stars for cheating.

American bridge experts also tried to soothe international friction diplomatically. Charles Goren went over the boards (each dealt hand is called a board and each board is recorded) "with a fine tooth comb," could not find a shred of evidence of cheating by the Italian players, called the very idea "preposterous." As for the staring Stone complained about, Goren said: "Heck, Americans are the greatest stargers in the world."

Fisherman's Luck

FOR ALMOST A YEAR, Williams Simmons, 30, a Baltimore longshoreman, had been married and, by coincidence, out of a job. His wife, Viola, was steadily employed at a Venetian-blind factory and recently had begun to pass remarks to the effect that a



man looking for work wasn't likely to find it if he was out fishing half the time.

The other night, William helped dry the dishes and after Viola had gone to bed, he wrote the following note to her: "I was going to tell you last night, but was afraid you'd get mad. I've gone fishing. Will drive

you to work at 7 a.m. 'Love, Bill."

At 7 a.m., Viola was ready, mad and ready. Bill did not show. Also, it turned out, he had taken \$5 of the grocery money (to buy gas), leaving Viola only a dollar. Viola finally had to take the bus to work, and she was docked for being late. The thoughts she had about fishermen, she later confessed, were unkind.

She was still burning when the boss called her into his office. "Viola," said the boss, "congratulations. You are rich. Your husband has caught a fish worth \$25,000."

Bill had done just that. With a live eel for bait, he had hooked Diamond Jim III, the diamond-tagged striped bass released in Chesapeake Bay earlier in the summer as a promotion stunt for a brewery. ("I had planned to quit fishing at 6 o'clock," said Bill, "but the bass started hitting the eels just before 6. I couldn't stop then.") Two previous Diamond Jims have not been caught. The prize money is dropped to \$1,000 in September. Bill Simmons had beaten the deadline by three weeks. Better than that, he had beaten the rap at home, where never again will a word be uttered against the reasonable proposition that sometimes it is better to go fishing than to work—or even look for work.

The Funny Coaches

THERE IS MORE to big-time coaching than beating the bushes for big boys bright enough to make passing grades. A coach also has to have some sure-fire comedy material for the banquet circuit and be fast with an ad lib at his press conference.

Top banana among funny coaches is Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, who fractured them at a Senate hearing the other day and drew from Senator Estes Kefauver the comment that he was funnier than Casey Stengel.

It may be observed, these hot August days, that some other coaches are testing material here and there. In Greensboro, North Carolina, Adolph Rupp, Kentucky coach, told a basketball clinic: "I'm not as mean as you think. I've got a lot of publicity for being a mean man, but it's

They Said It

HOWARD KING, heavyweight champion of Nevada who back-pedaled his way to a listless draw with Archie Moore, upon being asked why he didn't try for a knockout: "Archie is too strong. And besides, I'm a good-looking guy—better looking than Nat King Cole."

EMMETT F. BYRNE, Congressman from Illinois, prefacing a sports article lauding Nellie Fox which he read into the Congressional Record: "Mr. Speaker, in a season when the Chicago White Sox need an act of Congress or a shot in the arm (a their pursuit of the Yankees, it is refreshing and stimulating to have Nellie Fox playing his usual brilliant game from day to day."

YOGI BERRA, sometime right fielder for the New York Yankees, summed up his new career just two nights before a pregame jump ball him in the face: "I ain't been hit on the head yet."

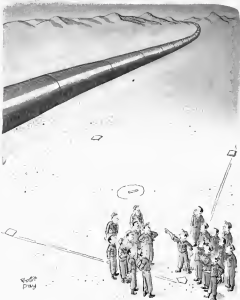
not true. The fact is that I've already got an invitation to coach both teams when I go through the pearly gates."

If this wasn't real funny, it was at least brave. For Rupp was talking in the territory of North Carolina's coach, Frank McGuire, who is a very fast man with the comeback. Asked, at a question-and-answer session following a banquet, if there was any place for the small man in basketball, Frank said, "Yes, selling score cards." Asked what could be done to improve the quality of officiating, Frank said, "Give 'em faster sneakers."

The other day, at a meeting of Missouri Valley coaches, George Blackburn of Cincinnati told his colleagues how he planned to resolve the quandary over whether to kick the point after touchdown or go for two points on a run or pass play.

"I'm going to have a big white card that reads 'kick' and a big red card that reads 'pass-run.' After we score a touchdown, I'm going to hold up both cards, and the one that gets the most response from the fans will determine what we do."

Pete Elliott, California's young (31) football coach, says he plans to use a "countdown" in signal calling next season. "It should have a psychological impact," said Elliott. "We're hoping that when the quarterback starts by shouting, 'Count down,' and then calls decreasing numbers, it will result in an explosive line



"... And over the pipeline is out."



charge and allow our guided half-backs to fire up into orbit."

Nothing? Well, remember it's only August and the show is still on the road.

Printers' Baseball

TWO HUNDRED of the best baseball players in the union printing trades assembled in New York last week, and, as one of them observed, "For one week we were in the big

leagues." For one week each year for the past 50 years the top printers' baseball teams of the country have been meeting for an annual tournament, the first one opening on a bright September Sunday in 1908 at Sheephead Bay, N.Y. with the 75-piece 23rd Regiment Band providing music and the picnic dinner including Boston brown bread, Rhode Island clams, sea bass, lobsters, Philadelphia chicken. The entertainment was featured by a fat man's race for printers weighing 200 pounds or more. (Boston beat Pittsburgh.)

Fifty years have made hardly a dent in the hallowed traditions of the printers. Last week they arrived in New York (as Jehovah's Witnesses were checking out) with their families, the defending champions from St. Louis traveling in two cars assigned to them by the Pennsylvania. They put up in an air-conditioned hotel, visited Ruppert's Brewery, enjoyed a cocktail party for the wives and spent

evening after evening singing old songs. Each morning the 10 teams raced to Ebbets Field and various other playing fields around town for another elimination round starting at 11 o'clock. They were alert and eager, the general festivities of the night before rarely involving the players. As Eddie Moran, the St. Louis manager, observed, "You never drink when you're winning."

The Union Printers International Baseball League is the oldest amateur baseball organization in the country, and its members claim they play the best amateur ball to be seen anywhere. A player must be 1) a printer; 2) the son of a printer; 3) an apprentice printer. Many are former professional ballplayers.

Nevertheless, all printers plainly were not athletes. Games were spotty, a few innings of good minor league quality play, followed by tragic disorder. The New York Union Printers

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

trailed the Boston Types 7-0 in the third inning, piled up six runs and then, in the fifth, let three runs come in on a wild throw from third. The ball arched so high over home that John Licato, managing the New York team, said in a voice of mild wonder, "How can a man throw a ball straight up in the air?" In general, the games looked like exhibitions by former professional ballplayers who were surprised to find they had become printers, or of printers who were surprised to find themselves in a ball park. After six days of play, Washington, most of whose team is employed in the Government Printing Office, won the championship for the 22nd time.

Except to the players, the outcome hardly mattered. Printers' baseball harks back to the days when the annual tournament in Boston meant a stag at St. James Hall for the men and a ladies' party at Keith's Theater, when the 1911 championship week in St. Louis meant a downtown parade, visit to a brewery, a moonlight excursion on the steamer *Gray Eagle*, with as many as 8,000 fans crowding the stands for the final game. Games last week were played in such a pleasant atmosphere of meaningful tradition that the conclusion appeared to be obvious: if all printers are not athletes, it might be a good idea for all athletes to become printers—or at least for all amateur athletic organizations to preserve their traditions as the printers have.

Take 1 Gal. Claret

A MAN who spent a recent rainy day browsing in a library has emerged with an excerpt from Tobias Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, written in 1770, which is offered here with its hot-weather comfort for golfers and claret drinkers:

"In the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats, tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that

they fly to an incredible distance. . . .

"Among others, I was shewn one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarms from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed, without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, cooperating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge and steel the constitution against all common attacks of distemper."

Alpine Wall

THE BODY of Stefano Longhi is still swinging at the end of a rope high on the wall of the Eiger. Last summer the doomed Italian climber and a companion, disregarding warnings and official orders, made a desperate attempt to scale the sheer, vertical 6,700-foot north face of the 13,036-foot Alpine peak that has claimed 18 lives in 20 years. Midway they met the one unforeseeable obstacle: another party making an unauthorized dash for the summit. Storms closed in on them. From the terrace of a hotel in the valley, watchers with telescopes followed their hopeless clawing at the face of the rock. Rescue parties saved one man, and recovered two bodies.



Bargain Sail

The skipper added to his crew
A maid in stylish soaking;
She doubles as a flying jib
Whenever the boat is tocking.

—FRANK O'BRIEN

Longhi lay on a ledge, plainly weaker each time the clouds parted, and at last slipped over. All winter his frozen body swung with the gales.

Last week three skilled climbers set out to scale the north wall of the Eiger and cut Longhi's body down. They left at 1 a.m. On the terrace of the Schweidegg Hotel was their adviser, Heinrich Harrar, who first climbed the Eiger 20 years ago. Their equipment was superb, conditions ideal.

At 8 in the morning they were over a third of the way up, 3,000 feet below the top of the wall. The sky was clear. At 11:30 they were halfway up, on a narrow snowfield that cuts across the whole wall, and where last year's climbers began to falter. Here Herbert Raditsch, a 24-year-old Austrian army guide, took the lead from 22-year-old Lothar Brandler, who had led so far. Hans Noëhl, 35, another Austrian guide and an Olympic athlete, tried a more difficult passage alone.

They were making 328 feet an hour—phenomenal speed. In the afternoon the rate slowed. At 4 o'clock Brandler slipped and slid 65 feet before he stopped himself with the help of his ice ax. At 5 they were together again, within 2,000 feet of the top. At 5:30 a rain of falling stones descended on them, one rock the size of a man's head crushing Noëhl's hand as he clung to his ice ax. He held on, but he lost so much blood the others put a tourniquet on his arm and climbed to a small rocky terrace just below Longhi's swaying body to spend the night.

The next morning they began creeping down. Thirty-seven hours after they began their climb they were met by a seven-man rescue team, who rushed Noëhl to a hospital, where two fingers were removed from his crushed hand.

Thus, the Eiger had defeated another attempt to climb it. The body of Stefano Longhi still swung at the end of the rope high on the cliff, a macabre sight for tourists to peer at through the telescope on the hotel terrace in the valley far below. But one man would not look up. Said Lothar Brandler: "I hate that wall."

A MOST UNHAPPY SEASON



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE ROUTE FOR COLLINS AS HE HURTLER OFF THE ROAD IN DUST

It is just over two months the sport of automobile racing has lost three drivers of the first rank: Britain's Peter Collins last week; Italy's Luigi Musso last month; America's Pat O'Connor on Memorial Day. They were all seasoned men, famous for the security with which they drove; they were courageous, handsome, popular, successful.

Collins, said by British observers to be one of the most sensible men ever to sit in a racing car, was fatally injured when he lost control of a Ferrari on a turn in the German Grand Prix. Musso, "the reasonable champion," was fatally injured when he lost control of a Ferrari on a turn in the French Grand Prix. O'Connor, a serenely skillful track racing driver, died in the Indianapolis "500" because of a series of accidents not of his making.

And in just about the same short space of time were killed Britain's Archie Scott-Brown; France's Jean Brousseau; American Truck Racing Drivers Art Bieh and Jimmy Davis; American Sports Car Drivers Harold Hartley and Abbott Hodge Brush.

Why so many so quickly?

The answer is that nobody really knows, and the tendency among racing men is to say that this is just a bad season. There have been occasional fatalities ever since that day in the automobile's infancy, in 1898, on which France's Marquis de Montaigne became the first man to die at the wheel of a racing car. The sport was dangerous then and it is dangerous now.

The fact remains that there has been an extraordinary number of fa-

talities this summer, and thoughtful men here and abroad are doing some pretty serious soul searching. It has not been very long since the blue-ribbon Indianapolis drivers Bill Vukovich, Bob Sweikert, Mike Nazaruk and Jack McGrath were killed in racing accidents, nor since Italy's Alberto Ascari and Eugenio Castellotti and Spain's Marquis de Portago perished. No one has forgotten the holocaust at Le Mans in 1955, in which 83 persons were killed, nor the Mille Miglia disasters last year, which took the lives of 13.

There has been a notable emphasis on spectator safety since those tragedies and the outspoken public reaction to them. The facilities at Le Mans, for example, have been extensively rebuilt with safety in mind; the Mille Miglia has in effect been canceled. There is a wholesome trend, which this magazine has applauded in the past, away from the city-to-city and within-a-city road races at which reasonable spectator safety cannot be assured.

The cause of driver safety, however, apparently has not been served as well, although it has by no means been neglected. It must be better served now. Auto racing, like football and baseball, has come a long way from the days in which protective helmets were considered silly. Seat belts and shoulder harness, roll bars, flameproof clothing—these with scientifically developed helmets have saved many drivers from disfiguring injuries and death. But much more is needed, as this summer's fatalities have so painfully proved.

These were not reckless men hav-

ing an irresponsible fling in an adventurous sport. Indeed, the topflight three—Collins, Musso and O'Connor—were as responsible a group as there was to be found in racing. All three drove cars representative of the best in the world, all sharing the enormous engineering advances that have inevitably come with the racing car's maturity.

British experts were quick to point out that both Collins and Musso died on typical Continental road circuits which did not provide escape routes in case of errors in judgment in the turns. Italian experts were beginning to speculate that the Ferrari single-seaters they drove were "too perfect," that is, the cars gave too much confidence and failed to warn the drivers in time that safe limits of speed had been exceeded in the turns. The world champion driver, Juan Manuel Fangio, felt that today's racing cars have become too light in relation to their great power. The United States Auto Club, responsible for the most important track racing here, had no immediate solutions for U.S. racing, but called a meeting at the end of the week to review its entire safety program.

There is a notion in some quarters that the death of a racing driver is like that of a hero on a battlefield—a tragedy to be expected. It is heartening to record that racing drivers and officials reject this nonsense. No one is so naive as to believe that absolute safety can be achieved, in racing or any other adventurous pursuit, but it behooves racing men to make their sport as safe as they can, as quickly as they can.

TO DECORATE A GOLF COURSE



BRITAIN'S DOROTHEA SOMERVILLE ENJOYS A BRIEF REST

WHEN Photographer Hy Peskin developed the pictures he had taken as the British and American Curtis Cup teams were limbering up for their match at the Brae Burn Country Club in West Newton, Mass., it appeared that the best women amateurs of these two great golfing nations were intent mostly on demonstrating how to decorate a golf course. Their clothes, their smiles, their dimples and their unfailing good humor made this conclusion obvious.

The Americans remained stylishly informal in shirts and Bermuda shorts even while the competition was under way, but the British team kept to a prim and pretty uniform of blue cap, demure white blouse and gray skirt combination. The visitors had gained possession of the cup by winning two years ago at Prince's, Sandwich, England, and proceeded to take a quick 2-to-1 lead in the first day's foursomes. On the second day the host team appeared to have made a successful comeback until Mrs. Frances Smith of Scotland came on in determined fashion to defeat Miss Polly Riley of Fort Worth, 2 up. This tied the two teams at 4½ points apiece and the British ladies retained the Curtis Cup for another two years. But, smiles, dimples and forms being equal, no one was brave enough to step forward and say whether blouses and skirts or shirts and shorts were better to decorate a golf course.

Photographs by Hy Peskin



BRITAIN'S Mrs. Jessie Valentine gets firmly set to wind up practice round with shot to 18th green.



AMERICA'S Meriam Bailey takes a hearty practice swing prior to hitting from the 18th fairway.

IN STEP America's Jo-Anne Gunderson, 19, and Anne Richardson, 22, en-





AMERICA'S DEPENDABLE BARBARA ROWACK, PLAYING ON CURTIS CUP TEAM FOR THIRD TIME, SIZES UP A PUTT ON FIRST GREEN

joy the sunshine. Miss Gundersen defeated Mrs. Valentine in key singles.



WELL-TURNED-OUT Mrs. Angela Bonallock of Britain won her foursome, then tied singles.



FAIR AND RAKISH in colorful hnt, America's Barbara McIntire finishes her last warmup round.

TY GIVES A TIP: WHAT WAS IT?

Photographed by Hy Peskin

The classic baseball mystery has been: What do the pitcher and catcher say to each other at one of those mid-game, halfway-to-the-mound meetings? Here, Photographer Hy Peskin poses another. What goes on between an oldtimer like Ty Cobb and a youngtimer like Mickey Mantle when they meet, as they did below, before the New York Yankees' Oldtimers Game at the Stadium last weekend? Cobb, as practically every fan



Cobb: Lean closer, kid, I got a tip for you . . .



Cobb: It's your stance . . . all wrong . . .



Cobb: And your wrists can't come around . . .



Cobb: That's why you're striking out so much . . .

knows, was probably the greatest hitter and toughest competitor in the game's history, and Mantle is as good as or better than any around today. What every banker knows is that Cobb is also the richest man the game has ever produced. In his native state of Georgia, he acquired a large block of original stock in a new company that was making something called Coca-Cola. In the city of his greatest fame, Detroit, he latched on to some

stock in a young, growing company named General Motors. Mantle, who earns some \$75,000 a year with the Yankees, owns a motel and shares ownership of a company that produces railroad ballast, is not so well known to bankers—yet. Well, what do these people talk about? We don't really know but, as can be seen in our version below, we think it is significant that Mantle listened and listened, speaking only in the last frame.



Cobb: Your weight's on the wrong foot every time . . .



Cobb: So you don't get your shoulders into it . . .

Cobb: Remember the feet . . . You got it?



Mantle: Nuts. Gimme a tip on stocks to grow old with



AH, IT WAS A MAGIC SHOVEL!

Well didn't it break ground for Dublin's first cinder track that's now famous forever?

THE MOST FAMOUS running track in all the world this week was the cinder track of Ireland's Santry Stadium, on the road to the Dublin airport. For it was here (as described in an eyewitness account by Alan Montgomery of Dublin's *Irish Times* on page 28) that Herb Elliott set a new world record of 3:54.5 for the mile and three other milers bettered

John Landy's old record of 3:58.

The story of these incredible performances in the same race was so astonishing that it burst out of the sports pages and onto Page One of newspapers here and abroad. For readers of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, it was a very special story, one which they had been following and sharing in since January 1957, when the cin-

der track at Santry was but a gleam in the eye of Ireland's foremost promoter of amateur athletics, indefatigable, irrepressible Billy Morton.

The story began when Associate Editor Gerald Holland was sent to Ireland in the company of Olympic Champion Ron Delany to report on the homecoming celebration for Ireland's greatest athletic hero. In that report, a speech by Delany himself was quoted. In it, the 21-year-old hero told a gathering of Dublin's leading citizens: "Gentlemen, while

ONE OF TWO PARTS

Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel

Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel
by GERALD HOLLAND

by GERALD HOLLAND

MAGIC OF SHOVEL was first revealed in last summer's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** series, which described adventures ranging over

PART TWO: Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel

The Magic Begins to Work

by GERALD HOLLAND

West Virginia, the Atlantic, Ireland and England, and ending in a London rendezvous with fate and Dublin's Billy Morton.



DUBLIN CHILDREN marveled at gleaming U.S. shovel after ground-breaking ceremonies on the site of the cinder track.



FINISHED TRACK, completed last spring, was inspected by track and magic shovel historian, Associate Editor Holland.

it's all very well for people to be clapping me on the back and shaking my hand . . . the constructive thing I want to see is the building of a cinder track on the site which Billy Morton has acquired at Santry."

The Defany story aroused the interest of a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* subscriber, Bernard P. McDonough, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, proprietor of the O. Ames Company, which has been making shovels since Revolutionary days and is the largest shovel factory in the world. Mr. McDonough called Associate Editor Holland, proposed that they fly to Ireland for a weekend and see what might be done to help that economically distressed land—either by starting up a shovel factory or doing something that would be symbolic of Irish-American concern for the old country.

It seemed to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s man that if McDonough and Morton could be exposed to each other something would come of it. Moreover, the shovel itself seemed to be a symbol that somehow might fit into the picture. So, before takeoff, Holland asked TWA if the airline would fly an American shovel to Ireland on short notice. Mystified but cooperative, TWA said it would be glad to.

On a whirlwind weekend tour of Ireland, the sportswriter-industrialist team of Holland and McDonough inspected factories, conferred with government officials, were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that old Ireland had shovels enough. This cleared the field for Billy Morton and, when it was discovered that he was not in Ireland at all but in London, the Americans flew there. And in the lounge of London's Dorchester

Hotel, McDonough was confronted with Morton, and the subject of Ireland's need for a cinder track was squarely faced. McDonough, who had never seen Morton before in his life and had been blissfully unaware of the urgent need for a cinder track, gave Morton a check for \$1,000 and, at the urging of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s man, agreed to provide one of the historic Ames shovels for the groundbreaking ceremonies (detailed in the picture sequence below). TWA, as promised, flew it over next day.

Last week, as Mr. McDonough read of the magic his shovel had helped to work, he cabled Billy Morton a pledge of \$5,000 to help finish the stands at Santry Stadium, a donation he offered "in the hope that other Irish-Americans will join me."

And now, for all the other grand details, please turn the page.



BERNARD McDONOUGH spurred the drive for funds with cash gift and shovel.



BILLY MORTON received shovel, held it aloft in triumph for the crowd to see.



RON DELANY co-starred with the Lord Mayor in the gala ground-breaking show.



THE DREAM TRACK is pictured here from the air as it awaited the arrival of the superlative runners who were to bring it

worldwide fame. In foreground are residences in Santry, Dublin suburb. The highway leads from Dublin City to its airport.

TOWARD A PHYSIOLOGICAL ABSOLUTE

by ALAN MONTGOMERY

WITH THE UPSURGE of big athletic meetings after the war and all the talk of tracks, the men who ran Dublin's Clonliffe Harriers thought Ireland should have a sports stadium with a track as good as any other country's. Now it looks as if Ireland has not just got a track that is as good as anyone else's: it has 440 yards which are the best and fastest in the world.

In a small, tree-surrounded park just off the main road to Dublin airport, one man last week led four others through the four-minute barrier to top 3½ seconds off the listed world record for the mile, and a stubby Australian who four weeks earlier had shortened the three-mile record to 13:10.8 cut 1.4 seconds off the two-mile time.

"It's the Irish atmosphere," explained the 48-year-old official Billy Morton, Clonliffe's secretary since 1943. The athletes agreed that he had something. "Usually," said Australia's Herb Elliott, bolder of the new mile record of 3:54.5, "I'm all tensed up before a race, but here I did not care. I never felt better."

When Ron Delany brought home his gold medal from Melbourne, Morton, the man who had first persuaded him to be a miller, announced that at long last there was a definite plan for a sports stadium. He had a site. All that was needed was the money. This did not deter the little Irish club or its chunky secretary. "Billy Morton," said a clubman with unceasing admiration, "should have been a parish priest. He'd build a marvelous new church and then he'd put a big notice in the front garden saying how much he owed."

At a fund-raising party Dublin's first-ever Jewish Lord Mayor Bob Briscoe kicked off with a £25 gift. From the U.S. came assistance from Shovel Manufacturer Bernard McDonough, and in due course a grinning Delany was able to predict: "I expect loads of world records to be broken here, Billy."

The first came in July, before the paint was dry on the railings, when Albert Thomas, a 29-year-old transport clerk from Sydney, pounded round in a new three-mile record clip of 13:10.8. Impresario Morton followed up this with a two-day meeting to coincide with the Dublin horse show. So many people wanted to get in to see if local lad Delany would beat Herb Elliott that drivers had to abandon their cars in the traffic jam two miles from the track. "We planned for a maximum of 17,500," said Morton, "but the civic guards advised us to let in the crowd outside and take their money to prevent the gates from being pushed in. So we had 22,000 in the end. It suited us grand," chuckled Morton, "as it brought in the best part of another 1,000 sorely needed pounds."

Thomas—at 5 feet 5 and scaling 130 pounds, probably the smallest world record runner ever—set the pace for the mile invitation race, highlight of the night. Herb Elliott lay fourth behind fellow Aussie Merv Lincoln and Murray Halberg, the 25-year-old schoolteacher ("and I do

odd jobs around the place") from Auckland. Delany hightopped along sixth in a field of 11, thinking the pace was too hot to last. Time for the first quarter: 56 seconds.

A brown-white mongrel darted out of the crowd at the start of the second lap and yelped after the leaders, with officials leaping about to get him off. They caught him between the last four runners.

The little clerk from Sydney kept up the pace in the second quarter, leading the string around in much the same order to give a time of 1:58 for the first half. Elliott then really let himself go.

Delany knew he could not catch him—"short of tying his legs, there is no way of stopping the guy"—but he tried to overhail the leaders. So did Murray Halberg, and the furious tussle between the New Zealander and Delany almost gave the Dublin fans heart failure. Elliott, now ahead of Lincoln, streaked ahead at the sound of the ship's bell bought by Morton at a Dublin auction. The three-quarters time was 2:38. Then 20-year-old Elliott—"I still wasn't

ELLIOTT'S UNDOUBTED ABILITY (he is the world's greatest middle-distance runner) effectively banishes one's first thoughts that there might have been sand in the Irish stopwatch or that the new Sanyo track, two inches over the quarter mile when Thomas broke the three-mile world record over a month ago, has shrunk in the July rain or had too many shambles shaved away from its corners. The approved milier of Elliott's companions removes any remaining doubt. For all these runners the burden of a representative meeting, like the Empire Games, in which victory was more important than record breaking, had vanished. Ireland has a strangely liberating influence on foreigners, and the Australians seized their chance.

What is the ultimate in miling? Four minutes was only a milestone with the magical ring of round numbers on the path to a physiological absolute which axiomatically runners will never reach, though they will approach it more closely. Unless there is a process of eugenic selec-

tion of athletes—horrible thought—the limit depends on the athlete's ability to transport oxygen to his muscles. Over this distance without oxygen the muscles can no longer be driven by the mind. Runners depend on two methods of obtaining energy. The first, used in sprinting, avoids the need for oxygen until the race is over. This overdrive or "oxygen debt" cannot be greatly increased by training. Hence sprint records are equaled rather than broken. In the mile, half the energy comes from this source, while the remainder is supplied by a second route of oxygen transport to the muscles by the lungs and the heart during the race. The improvement in middle and distance records has resulted from the improvement of current oxygen uptake during running, and more efficient use of the oxygen available. A mile in 3 minutes 30 seconds is impossible with the present human physique, but there remains a no man's land of 24.5 seconds. Gradual improvement is inexorable.

—ROGER BANNISTER



ELLIOTT TAKES THE LEAD FROM LINCOLN, THOMAS, HALBERG AND DELANY; ALL FIVE MEN CRACKED THE FOUR MINUTES

sure this was record time"—amazingly increased the tempo of his lanky legs and, with the wild roaring of 22,000 pairs of lusty Dublin lungs throbbing through every fiber, he burst the tapes 3½ seconds inside John Landy's world record of 3:58. His unofficial time for the 1,500 meters—3:39.6—was also under the listed mark. But it was not because of Elliott's fantastic sprint that sports-writers dubbed it the miracle mile. Incredible was fostered by the times of the four runners-up—Lincoln, 3:55.9, Delany, 3:57.5, and Murray Halberg, although placed fourth, with the same time as Delany. Fifth man, stocky "pacemaker" Bert Thomas, to his own amazement, joined the sub-four-minute club with a time of 3:58.6.

Elliott, fresh enough to do it again, praised the track, the audience, the atmosphere and the help from "Merv and Ron." Looking at Elliott with mock despair, Delany cracked: "I think I'll take Merv up on his offer to play him at tennis."

Half an hour later, back in the dressing rooms, Thomas was still jumping up and down whooping for joy, chanting "three fifty-eight six"—his time. "Oh, I've fallen in love with this track. First a three-mile record and now the four-minute barrier. Whee. Wonderful."

Next night Thomas wanted to take the track home with him to Australia. That was the night he broke the world two-mile record of 8:35.4 belonging to Hungarian Sándor Iharos by 1.4 sec-

onds, and in the four-mile race Murray Halberg clipped over 12 seconds off the best-ever 18:35.3 returned by Gordon Pirie at Perry Barr. The same night, the competitors in the other events smashed just about all the Irish allcomers' records which had not already been toppled on the new Santry track.

RECORDS IN ANY CASE

The job of building the record-breaking track was given to En-Tout-Cas Company, Ltd., of Leicester, England which built the Melbourne, Cardiff, London's White City and Wembley tracks. Its orders were to build a replica of the Melbourne track on which Ronnie Delany brought fame to Irish athletics, but it produced a foot-deep track which is probably better than a replica. When the site had been excavated, nine inches of cinders, obtained from Dublin's famous Guinness Breweries, were laid down, and on top of that 300 tons of a special combination ("three inches of top secret," mysteriously claims the English company) of clays, some burned, and small quantities of shale and sand. The clay gives the track its reddish hue.

"But the Irish weather," Morton added, "gives the track an extra something. Other countries have to water their tracks. We don't." Dublin's May, June and July were the wettest ever recorded (17½ inches). "The subsoil is very hard. The foreman on the building of the terracing said to me, 'Billy, you could put a 60-story

building up here without a foundation.' The water doesn't get away quickly. The drainage is bad and we're beginning to realize that's a good thing for the track."

"The beauty of the track," went on Morton, who can talk for hours about it, "is that your spikes go down and come out clean. You could run on it for a month and it would need no attention at all. When we held the military tattoo [a money-raising idea of Billy's which was sunk by the weather] we were flooded out of the place with rain. We seemed to have fifty thousand army men on motor bicycles charging up and down the track. The officer in charge said to me the other night, 'We did a great job in consolidating the track for you.' Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise, although we did not think so at the time. Now the track is well settled anyway."

Leveling the arena and laying the track cost £8,500. "And we still owe £2,500 of that," rapped the optician. "And we owe the company which put up our concrete terracing £8,500. If we had had a normally fair summer I think we would have been able to pay it all off, but now we'll need an American millionaire to rescue us . . . I'm serious about needing an American millionaire, since we've got no rich Irishmen interested in us. Tell you what I'll do, and I'm serious. For \$60,000—it will have to be 60,000—I will name the stadium after him." The way Billy said that, it sounded the most fabulous bargain ever. **END**

THE MAN WITH A MILLION AND ONE ALIBIS

by ROY TERRELL

Rocky Nelson and his Stance are the scourge of minor league pitching; but hear him tell what happens to him in the majors

THIS baseball player with the belligerent turn-of-the-century stance shown in the picture on the opposite page may well be the greatest bitter in the entire history of the minor leagues. But that is not the only talent that sets Rocky Nelson, first baseman of the Toronto Maple Leafs, apart from the multitude. In this era when college-bred baseball professionals have brought an atmosphere of gentility to the dugout that would do justice to Mrs. Astor's drawing room, Rocky is the direct spiritual descendant of Ring Lardner's brash and brazen rookie. In fact, if Rocky just wore a handle bar mustache and a box-shaped cap, they might try to gather him up and put him back in one of those old baseball daguerreotypes where he belongs.

Rocky, besides hitting .326 for Toronto this year, is one of the world's greatest living experts on food, travel and Cuban cigars, on bass fishing and card playing, on wing shooting and spitting, on handicapping horses and dogs and solving crossword puzzles, on religion and golf and pool and the modern novel, in fact, on just about any subject that happens to come up. And if he is wrong, there is always a pretty good reason which seldom involves Rocky himself. Someone else—or something else—goofed.

"At bridge," says Carl Erskine of the Dodgers, a team on which Rocky has been employed from time to time, "he could always explain how he lost. Somebody played the wrong card."

At the track, Rocky's horse never just loses. It stumbles coming out of the gate or the jockey is caught in a pocket. And at the plate it has always been a trick of fate when he

struck out. "That pitch just turned over at the last minute," he used to tell Pee Wee Reese, or "it was outside all the way and then it just hit the back part of the plate."

One day at Montreal, Gino Cimoli remembers, Rocky took a second strike which brought Manager Max Macon rushing forth to beef about the call. He stormed around the box and argued with the umpire and finally, in disgust, kicked up a puff of dust before returning to the dugout. On the next pitch Rocky struck out.

"How do you expect a fellow to hit," he asked Macon, "with you out there kicking up all that dust so's he can't see the ball?"

TALK, TALK, TALK

Rocky is a nonstop, marathon talker because he is a compulsive talker—a soul mate, perhaps, of Yogi Berra. At the plate he directs a continued stream of taunts at the pitcher. If he hits, he yells, "You'll never get me out with that junk," as he runs to first base. If he makes an out, he yells, "You'll never get me out with that junk again," as he heads for the dugout. In any gathering of which Rocky is a member, sooner or later he is a sure bet to take over the talking.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that he is able to explain why he is in the minors instead of up in the big leagues where he belongs.

"The reputation you get the first time you go up," he says, "is just about the most important thing that happens to you in baseball. It sticks with you, somehow. They say, 'Well, he was with so and so for a couple of years and couldn't get the job done.

We don't want him.' And that's what happened to me. I got started with the wrong organization."

"When I was first with the Cardinals, they didn't need a left-hand batter. All they were seeing was left-hand pitchers and they were hurting for right-hand power. Kurowski was gone and Moore had retired and Cooper was gone. They needed right-hand batters. So they used Bilko and Nippy Jones most of the time. I didn't have much of a chance."

"Then, the next year, they put Musial at first and that was that. They traded me to Pittsburgh, and then I went to the White Sox and all I ever did at either place was pinch hit. You know that most batters can't get their timing down unless they're playing regular, and that's the way I am."

"So, finally the Dodgers bought me—and look what happened. I broke my leg. I never did get in shape that year, and a guy out of shape wasn't going to push Gil Hodges off of first base."

"The next chance I had was with the Indians in '54. That was a funny deal," and Rocky shakes his head. "They gave me the position in the spring, sure, but they didn't spend all that money just to find out if I could hit in the spring. They bought me because of the great season I had in Montreal in '53. I've never been a good hitter in the spring. I need to get to know the pitchers. Even in the minors, what little hitting I do in the spring, I do against pitchers I've seen before. I never hit the new ones right at first. And that's the way it was up there. Just about the time I was learning what they could throw, I was on the bench. And then I was back at Montreal."

It was a slightly different situation when he went up to Brooklyn, for the last time, in 1956. "I always get tired

in June," Rocky says. "Most hitters get tired in August or September. Well, I get tired in June. After that I'm all right. It's funny but look at my record and see for yourself."

So he went up to Brooklyn, tired, and failed again. The only thing he did show was that he now had power. In six weeks with the Dodgers he hit approximately 87 home runs. The only trouble was that all but four of them were foul. "If they had just moved the foul pole over about 10 feet," one writer with the team recalls, "Rocky would have broken Ruth's record in a breeze."

"Yeah, that's right," Nelson agrees. "I was hitting 'em foul. And I'll tell you why. Like I said, I was tired. So I was pressing. And instead of letting my normal timing do the job, I tried to force the bat around with my hands. Everything went foul."

YOU HAVE TO KNOW HIM

Rocky's explanations of his roller coaster career are usually brushed aside as representing a minority opinion of one. But strangely enough, under questioning and sometimes with a slight trace of guilt, some rather sharp baseball men—including several of those same managers who gave up on him—will now admit that there is just a chance that he is right. Dixie Walker, the old Dodger hero and Rocky's current manager at Toronto, is one expert on the subject who is sure the other managers erred when they gave up on Rocky.

"I think that part of his trouble was that most managers he played for in the big leagues never really had time enough to understand him. Last year I didn't understand him myself. You never have to wonder where Rocky is. You can always hear him. He does talk a lot. In fact, he spouts off. But now I know him and, brother, I really appreciate him."

"If a big league ball club would put him in the lineup and leave him there, before the season is out they would have a real stem-winder of a first baseman."

Yet where is Rocky Nelson now? Well, he is playing with the Toronto Maple Leafs and leading the International League in batting (.326), home runs (32) and runs batted in (93). Has this brought the big leagues aswarming to his door once more? Well, not exactly.

"I guess," says Manager Al Lopez of the Chicago White Sox, who was

continued



Rocky's onetime boss in Cleveland, "that everyone has just about given up on him."

"If he hadn't been up so many times before," said Cincinnati Scout Dutch Dotterer, who happened to be in Toronto watching a game the other day, "the way he is hitting right now there would be 16 major league teams after him with big money. As it is, I guess no one is interested. It's a funny case."

Funny may hardly be the proper word, for Nelson is not in the tradition of other minor league superstars, players like Lou Novikoff and Joe Hauser and Luke Easter, who could never click in the big leagues. Most of these had a weakness at the plate, which major league pitchers spotted right away and were able to capitalize upon, or else they couldn't run or were hutehurs in the field. Nelson, however, is plagued by no deficiencies such as these. Once considered an excellent first baseman, he remains a highly adequate one. He can run. And certainly he can hit. The pitching one sees in Triple-A baseball is not so consistently good as in the majors, but much of it is in the same class. And big league rosters today are loaded with the names of pitchers like Ford and Bunning and Lary and Friend and Newcombe and Donovan and Burdette who once upon a time, down in the International League and American Association, had a great deal

of trouble getting Rocky Nelson out.

"When I was at Rochester in 1953," says Wally Moon of the Cardinals, who came up the next season to win the National League's outstanding rookie award, "he was the best hitter in the league. You couldn't fool him; there wasn't anything or anybody he couldn't hit. And left-handed pitching didn't bother him a bit."

Milt Smith, who was once up with the Redlegs but now plays alongside Rocky in the Toronto infield, likes to point out that the big leagues are full of players that can't carry Rocky's bat. "I know," says Smith. "I played with a lot of them and I know. This guy is a real hitter. He's got that wonderful swing and he's got power. He's sure of himself, too. I can tell you that. He knows he can hit. And he sure isn't scared. You know, when a left-hander is pitchin', some left-hand hitters don't like that sidearm curve. They see it comin' and they get out of there. Not Rocky. He don't hudge an inch."

But Nelson's greatest admirer of the moment is Dixie Walker.

"He's a lot more than just a good hitter," says Walker. "He's tough and he plays for you even when he's hurt. He comes through when you need him; he gets the home run or the base hit that wins the game. And he's one of the few hitters in baseball who can adapt to fit the park and the situation."

"You understand, he's not one of

those guys like Snider or Mantle who hits those towering drives out there 440 feet. He's really a small man—about 5 feet 10 and 170 pounds or so—and he gets his power from exceptional timing. When he hits the ball hard, it goes 350 or 360 feet. That's about his range. So when we go into a big park with a deep right field or when the wind is blowing a gale from right, he doesn't try to pull the ball over the fence. He lines it to center or he hits to left. He's hit seven home runs this year to left. He has the most amazing bat control I've ever seen."

THE STANCE

Rocky, in some ways, is the Ted Williams of the minor leagues. A dedicated student of hitting, he has the rare knack of self-analysis and through constant experimentation changed himself, five years ago, from a line-drive spray hitter into a dangerous home run threat. To accomplish this, he adopted The Stance. The result is one of the most absurd-looking postures ever achieved by a modern ballplayer.

First, Rocky places all of his weight firmly upon his left, or back foot and then bends his knee as if he were of half a mind to sit down alongside home plate. He extends his right foot straight out ahead, the toe pointing directly at the pitcher. Then he lifts his chin into the air and gazes, with a defiant sneer upon his lips, at the enemy. No more imperious gesture has been seen in baseball since that day in Mudville when the mighty Casey struck out.

Abundant or not, The Stance achieved for Rocky what he hoped it would. It moved his hips around where he could pull the inside pitch, and he began to hit home runs.

Then why isn't Rocky Nelson in the big leagues?

Well, one theory holds that he wanted to be there too much. Perhaps this is the easy way out, but most baseball men who have given the matter real thought figure that Nelson's troubles are not physical but psychological. Rocky, they say, wanted to be a big leaguer so much that he tightened up every time he had the chance. He didn't quit. He simply tried too hard.

"Rocky talked a lot," says Al Lopez now, remembering the spring he had Nelson at Cleveland, "and he gave the appearance of being nonchalant. But I think part of this was

NELSON, RICHARD

Born, Portsmouth, Ohio. Born Nov. 18, 1926.
170 pounds, 5 feet 11. Bats and throws left.

Year	Club	League	G	AB	R	E	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1947	Jacksonville City	App	53	186	15	47	10	3	0	5	.233
1947-48		MILITARY SERVICE									
1948	St. Joseph	West. Assoc.	135	518	57	165	31	*23	5	28	.303
1947	Rockford	Interst.	11	18	2	1	0	0	0	2	.056
1947	Lynchburg	Piedmont	117	481	59	171	38	11	11	28	.303
1948	Rockford	Interst.	142	485	65	147	29	12	7	11	.303
1949	St. Louis	ML	82	264	28	94	8	4	4	3	.221
1950	Columbus	AA	48	184	25	37	16	2	7	2	.400
1950	St. Louis	ML	76	235	37	58	10	4	1	4	.267
1951	St. Louis-Pitts.	ML	80	213	32	56	8	4	1	1	.263
1951	Chicago	ML	6	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1952	Montreal	Interst.	8	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	.333
1952	Brooklyn	ML	37	39	6	10	1	0	0	0	.356
1953	Montreal	Interst.	159	542	117	167	37	9	34	2	.306
1954	Cleveland	Interst.	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1954	Montreal	Interst.	141	469	387	140	26	5	*21	5	.341
1955	Montreal	Interst.	134	506	*118	184	36	2	*37	11	.364
1956	Montreal	Interst.	48	165	42	54	10	0	12	2	.334
1956	Brook. St. Louis	ML	58	218	13	33	7	0	7	0	.217
1957	Toronto	Interst.	152	555	92	163	25	8	28	4	.304
1958	Toronto	Interst.	134	465	*81	122	24	5	*33	1	*.376

* League leader.

† Won MVP award, hit .615 in Little World Series.

** Won MVP award

continued



Angus Crumley, Acacia catkins and owner of the Holiday Hotel in Reno, inspects Charolais cattle in Puerto Rico.

"I brought home a great idea from Puerto Rico—dry rum —and my Nevada friends think it's terrific."

"As I admired a prime herd of Charolais cattle in Puerto Rico," reports Newton Crumley of Reno, "a rum old fashioned appeared."

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"Not only in the traditional *dasquiri*, mind

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"All different. All delicious."

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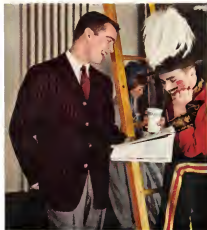
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sheep
your contribution
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Broadway, N.Y.C. 17



Left to right: #3201 Floatino—lightweight slip-on in Sand color. #1161 Jolly Buh—The new Off-White shoe. #9178 Buhl Bost—cushioned sole, hi-top comfort, Sand color.

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PUBLIC PERSONALITY of Rocky recalls Joe E. Brown's famous Elmer the Great.



PRIVATE PERSONALITY of Rocky is actually that of a warm family man (shown here with his wife Alberte) who is considered a good neighbor and pillar of the church.

ROCKY NELSON continued

just a cover-up. Inside he must have been burning."

"You should have seen him that spring," says Red Kress, one of the Cleveland coaches. "He was tighter than a drum. Just plain nervous. He looked terrible; he couldn't even catch the ball. And at the plate, it wasn't some particular pitch that he couldn't hit. He couldn't hit strikes."

"It was a complex of some kind," believes Fresco Thompson of the Dodgers. "Rocky looked just as bad for us as he looked good down in the minors."

The one remaining theory is the one that Rocky subscribes to himself. In fact, he practically invented it. "Not once," he says, "did I get a real good chance."

While Rocky waits for the next call, which now may never come, he manages to do all right. As Dixie says, they know him now in Toronto and they like what they know. He is perhaps the most popular athlete in the city's history, and on the ball club he is the leader, the man they all look up to. Beneath that pleasant, rather homely face and its open mouth there beats a heart of gold.

"He will do anything for you," says the Toronto trainer, Bill Smith. "He's everybody's friend and he treats you right. He's just a wonderful guy."

What the Maple Leafs have come to realize, as do all who know him well, is that all of the noise is more of a cover-up than anything else, that he is perfectly harmless and through all his troubles has managed to retain a rather remarkable sense of humor. Once, when he slid magnificently into third base, it was pointed out by the umpire that a teammate already occupied the spot. "O.K.," Nelson shrugged in the face of a withering glare from the manager. "Why do you think they call me Rocky?"

PRIDE AND AMBITION

He has a lovely wife, a warm and gracious girl who was also raised in Portsmouth, Ohio, married Rocky one night at home plate in Lynchburg, Va. and has spent the 11 ensuing years in travel. The Nelsons have no children but they are high on the waiting list of two adoption agencies. Around his pleasant suburban home Rocky is considered a good neighbor, a pillar of the church and a respected member of the community.

He is making more money than a lot of ballplayers in the majors, for Jack Kent Cooke, the wealthy Toronto publisher who owns the Maple Leafs, and Raul Schaffer, his general manager, appreciate Nelson's considerable value both on the field and at the gate. "Rocky's salary," says Schaffer, "is in five figures." Although these are perhaps not the

same five figures that are on Mickey Mantle's contract, at least they keep Rocky in big, expensive cigars.

"Baseball has been good to me," he says, "and I don't want to complain. They treat me great here, the fans are wonderful and we have a lot of friends."

Yet the fact remains that Toronto is still in the minor leagues—and Rocky still burns to get out. It isn't the holes in the screen or the small and dingy dressing rooms or the hard infields or the bad lights or even the long waits for planes and trains and buses. It is not even a matter of fame or money. It is the idea that this is the minor leagues and Rocky knows that he is a big league hitter.

"The whole thing," he says, "is that if you're any good, you want to excel."

"He doesn't brood about it," says Alberta Nelson. "He never has. There are times when he is awfully disappointed but he always comes back down and plays just as hard as he can. And we still feel that some day he's going to get another chance."

"If he doesn't, well, we'll do all right. At least it's been an educational sort of life. I've been to a lot of places and I've met an awful lot of interesting people."

What Mrs. Nelson doesn't need to mention is that the most interesting person she ever met was probably Rocky himself.

END

The precise world of small arms

**At Camp Perry this month
the U.S. small-bore riflemen
will again be defying the odds
and the world—lying down**

FIVE YEARS AGO in the tree-shaded towns of Morris County, N.J., a cat burglar had a remarkable run of luck. In three months, he had climbed into 60 homes before being caught. There is little doubt that during his spree one of the cat burglar's luckiest moments came at 2 o'clock of a winter night when he escaped unscathed from the backyard of the shingled home occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ransford Dobbins Triggs of Madison, N.J. Suburbanite Triggs, his wife Mary and their daughter Carol own enough arms—hunting rifles, shotguns, bows and arrows, target rifles, semiautomatics and revolvers—to equip one of Fidel Castro's platoons. And all three Triggses are skilled enough to take all nine lives of a cat burglar without dropping a shot.

On the night their premises were invaded, only one thing hampered the Triggs family. They had too many guns. Ransford and Mary Triggs were awakened when the burglar made some uncatlike noise, and Ransford Triggs was up instantly, moving toward the nearest gun. Although he was wide awake, Triggs was not, however, sure which guns were where. In his upstairs workroom he found a half dozen .22 rifles and boxes of center-fire pistol ammunition. Leaving these mismatches behind, he padded quietly downstairs and in the den closet found a .44 revolver and some .38 ammunition. In the kitchen closet he found a shotgun,

more .22 rifles, a .22 Colt Woodsman and .45 ammunition. In the cellar there were a dozen guns and, again, none of the right ammunition.

The Triggses are a sports-minded family. At the time of the cat burglar they were also involved in showing pedigreed cocker spaniels. In one guest room, which they had converted into a whelping pen, the Triggses had kenneled 13 cockers, among them a champion, Rip's London Fog. For some minutes after the cat burglar awakened the household, while Triggs rummaged stealthily around for a gun and cartridge to match, the 13 prize cockers were properly silent in the finest tradition of Westminster. Finally, one rowdy cocker barked sharply and the cat burglar fled.

The Triggses have since given up showing dogs; nonetheless, future cat burglars are hereby warned. There are still weapons all over the Triggs house, in every nook, cranny and closet, and Ransford Triggs now knows where some of the right ammunition is. What is more, 49-year-old Ransford Triggs is still, as he has been for 25 years, a remarkably good shot, which he will be proving this coming week in the national rifle matches at Camp Perry.

A little more than 25 years ago, when he emerged from Duke University onto the bottom rock of the Depression, when scratching out a living did not give him much time for hunting, Triggs turned to target shooting of several sorts. He has, in the years since, won local and regional honors with hand guns, with bow and with both high-power and small-bore rifles of the sort shown at the right. There are few men today who have the money or, more important, the time to play hard at several different



NATIONAL favorite, the Remington Model 40x Rangemaster Target Rifle, is designed to fill the needs of legions of U.S. prize shooters. Today, the Rangemaster and Winchester's Model 52 Target Rifle are the predominant small-bore arms at the national matches at Camp Perry.

continued



VETERAN performer in the target game, the Winchester High Wall Target Rifle with falling block action was made in a variety of calibers from .22 rimfire up to .50. Designed in 1885, it was a favorite of target riflemen for more than 50 years and is still cherished as a collector's item.



INTERNATIONAL Experimental Target Rifle, built by Winchester at great cost, was designed to help U.S. riflemen who seek high-power honors at World Championships. This .308 caliber will probably not be mass produced unless U.S. shooters show far more interest in position shooting.



FOREIGN favorite, the Lion, made by the State Metal Works of Poland, as shown here, is stocked with thumb hole and palm rest, for use in international position shooting. The Lion ranges from .32 caliber to 6.5 mm, making it suitable for both small-bore and high-power target matches.

target games and amount to very much at any of them. Early in his career Triggs gravitated toward small-bore shooting, and, competitively speaking, today he is a small-bore man—not perfect, but as near perfect as you'll find.

HONORS LYING DOWN

Small-bore shooting occupies a rather unique place in the sporting scene. Since small-bore competitors in quest of the national title are permitted to fire the whole course in prone position, it is probably the only sport where a man can become champion by lying on his stomach and moving as few muscles as possible. On these terms, small-bore targetry seems to be a rather simple pursuit, or at least a restful one, but it is neither. Next week Triggs and the 630 men and women who will be competing against him for the national title will fire a variety of matches, some at the standard American distances of 50 and 100 yards and some at the slightly longer international distances of 50 and 100 meters. The 10-ring on the 100-yard target is two inches in diameter. The 10-ring of the 50-yard target is 89/100ths of an inch (slightly smaller than a U.S. quarter). The 10-rings of the international targets used at 50 and 100 meters are even smaller, respectively, than those on the 50- and 100-yard targets.

As anyone mildly addicted to target shooting knows, with the improved rifles and the improved loads of match ammunition, success in the 10-ring today is no longer enough. The competitor today knows that to have a chance for the national title about 630 of his 640 shots must land in the 10-ring and close to 500 of these should be in the smaller, tie-breaking x-ring, within the 10-ring. The x-ring, then, has become the symbol of perfection, a precious small symbol—on the 50-yard target, for example, considerably smaller than a dime. No gun, even when fired from a bench, is perfect and neither is the ammunition (Triggs is satisfied with his equipment if it will group in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch at 50 yards). The actual margin of error left for the human lying behind the gun is next to nothing. It is Triggs's opinion that a good shooter can eliminate most of the human error in less than six months of steady practice. The quest for perfection in-

evitably leads the rifleman down into his cellar to tinker with his gun, rebedding the barrel, remaking and refitting the action and the stock. The quest also leads him on a hunt through the supply houses for new parts and better parts and for the lot of ammunition that will group consistently in his gun. An aspiring champion needs some of the innate, acquisitive zeal of a pack rat and the precise skill of a lens grinder.

The small-bore man needs also the patience of Job to accept injustices he cannot understand. In any match a good shooter may squeeze off a seemingly perfect shot, and for no reason at all the shot will land high, wild and wide in the 9-ring. The man who cannot take the unexpected flyers into the 9-ring in stride is apt to throw several more 9s and eventually come to feel the whole world is against him. After dropping two 9s in a string he may suspect that some idiot at the factory has loaded this lot of ammunition with a mixture of black powder and peanut butter. Then, shaken to a point of throwing several more 9s, he is apt to remember, not too kindly, that his gun recently got into the hands of his small son, who dropped it down the cellar stairs. After a few more horrid 9s he is apt to blame the whole disaster on his wife, who insisted that he paint the back porch last weekend instead of tinkering with a gun that is good for nothing except punching holes in cardboard.

In any match a target man can be undone by a number of treacheries for which he finds it hard even to blame himself. On a windless day, when the wavering mirage in his spotting scope shows barely a breath of air, the shooter will settle into his sling, centering the bull perfectly in the concentricity of his iron sights. And just as the shot goes off, too late to be felt, a breath of wind sweeps the course from the right, blowing the shot high to the left in the 9-ring. On the next shot the rifleman holds off low to the right on the target, so that the wind will push his shot back to the left and the clockwise spin imparted by the rifling will roll the shot up the wind, so to speak, into the center of the x-ring. As this perfectly doped shot goes off, the wind may die. The shooter is caught in a lute: the shot will land low to the right in the 9-ring. When he settles down for another shot, he may unwittingly take a deeper breath than usual. The extra charge of oxygen into his blood may

accelerate and accentuate the pulse beat in the brachial artery that runs under the sling on his left arm. This pulsation, a scant millimeter, transmitted down the sling to the front grip, can be enough to throw the shot off.

The treachery of a pulsating artery or a pulsating wind could foul up Ramsford Triggs's chances in the upcoming national matches, but the prospect never worries him. Over the years he has experienced a good number of odd twists in the game. Four



VETERAN RIFLEMAN RAMSFORD TRIGGS

years ago, going into the last match, Triggs stood even with Alonzo Wood of Elbridge, N.Y.; each of them had dropped only seven shots out of the 320 that counted for the title. In the last match, each man had one shot seemingly nipping the 10-ring. When the shot holes were gauged by officials, Wood's shot was in the 10-ring by 1/50th of an inch, Triggs's was out by as much. Six years ago, when his gun was accidentally left in the hot sun between matches, the heat cooked the fouling in the barrel. In the next match his shot group opened up, the shots falling all over the 9-ring. Out of one 20-shot string, Triggs dropped eight. He lost the title by seven.

Triggs has, in fact, won the title only once, long ago, in 1941. This is typical of the sport—John Moschkau of Waterloo, Iowa, for another example, came within three points of winning in 1940 and never came so close

again until he took the title last year, dropping only eight shots out of 640. It is in considering the scores of all the top men through the years—the super-aggregates of their scores, as it were—that Triggs stands somewhat in a class by himself. Triggs has usually ranked in the first 10; in 13 championships in the past 20 years he has fired 4,960 shots and dropped only 208 outside the 10-ring—a record for consistency that will not be equaled often or easily.

Triggs has long since given up caring whether he wins or not. "If I felt I had to win," he commented recently, "I wouldn't go." Triggs's interest is in firing as clean a score as possible, with little concern for how he ranks in the competition. He cannot, in fact, recall with any certainty what he scored in prior matches, and he is reluctant to dwell on the bad luck and near misses that have spoiled his scores. Every man on the line, he figures, gets his share of misfortune, and the man who alibis too much too loudly is soon rated by his rivals on the firing line as the biggest bore in the small-bore field.

This month, almost concurrent with the national matches, the world shooting championships take place in Moscow, and it is the oddity of the sport that, because of their devotion to prone shooting, many of our best men never represent us abroad. For while the U.S. has stayed on its stomach, international competition has trended toward position shooting of a highly specialized sort. The extent of specialization in both types of shooting is somewhat apparent in the display of rifles shown on the preceding pages. Second from the left in this display is the Winchester High Wall rifle, now extinct on the firing line but in its day used both for prone and position shooting. The modern target rifle at the left, Remington's 40x Rangemaster, is the sort popular for U.S. prone shooting. The gun at the extreme right, the Finnish Lion, with thumb hole and palm rest, is typical of the arms used in position shooting. Second from the right is a Winchester experimental rifle which carries the U.S.'s hopes in international high-power competition.

It will be a surprise, however, if U.S. shooters do well internationally so long as the essential interest here is in prone shooting. In several ways, by incorporating position shooting in the junior qualifications and by promoting a special position competition at

Camp Perry, the National Rifle Association is trying to get the U.S. rifleman up off his stomach. There has been some progress, but not enough. At Perry, for example, while Triggs and about 650 more will enter the small-bore prone matches, probably not more than 300 will try position shooting. Triggs himself prefers prone shooting, where the refinement of the weapon and the doping of conditions are the foremost challenges.

PRECISION AND MORE PRECISION

Triggs is by profession a printer, vice-president of Triggs Color Printing Corporation, which produces book jackets and inside color work for many large publishing houses. His work involves the precise care and feeding of great presses that thump and rumble through the day like caged brontosaurus. After a work week of exact, millimetric precision among the presses, it would seem that for recreation Triggs would seek out some chaotic, haphazard game, something on the order of flamingo croquet as played by Alice in Wonderland. But, says Triggs, "I shoot because I am a tinkerer at heart. All small-bore men are tinkerers at heart." At tinkering, Triggs is the ultimate. The gun he holds in the picture at left is like no other. It is a Triggs gun. Every part of the barrel, action, stock and sights was cut by Triggs from raw material, machined, drilled, tapped, threaded, reamed, milled and finished by him in his cellar. The 30-inch barrel is the end product of 18 such barrels that he drilled and rough-reamed. Twelve of the barrels he discarded because the tensions released by drilling produced warp. The remaining six barrels were then placed on his house roof for six months of weathering to release any further tension. The best of these six became his barrel.

It is not, however, Triggs's contention that a successful shooter need make his gun from scratch. In the welter of guns in his house, Triggs has good proof to the contrary—a Model 52 Winchester, the standby of the firing line, which he purchased in the late '30s. In the years since, he has put 200,000 rounds through the barrel; the Model 52 groups as well today as it did when he won the national title with it 17 years ago. The essential, Ranford Triggs concludes, is that the man must be the complete master of his target gun whatever its origin. **END**

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Pine Valley is on the cover (and inside, in four colors) of next week's issue. Play it hole-by-hole, with nary a drive into its rough or an agonizing wedge out of its soft sand—in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, August 25th.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

The student vs. the professor

**Still studying, Roy Harris,
a tough galoot from Cut and
Shoot, takes on the champ**

IN WALKING SHORTS and cowboy boots, taking his moonlit stroll through southern California's San Bernardino Mountains, panning playfully for gold in a swift little creek near his luxurious bungalow, or swapping barks with a fox that hunts near the training camp in the evening, Roy Harris cuts an odd figure for a heavyweight challenger. Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis—none of them was like this fellow. But if he should win the heavyweight championship from Floyd Patterson at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles on the night of August 18, Roy Harris could become very like them at the gate. There is color and human interest in everything he does. He is a handsome lad and might even stir the interest of women in boxing as feminine hearts have not been stirred since the days of Georges Carpentier. He might even be able to fight, too.

The Harris camp at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel takes its personality from the fighter. Like him, it is a relaxed and easygoing place in off hours, uncommonly so. Trainers and fighter sit around their porch at sundown and trade yarns about pit dogs and chicken fights. It is a subject close to Harris' heart. He confides that one of his Cut and Shoot kin will eat no eggs or flesh of ordinary barnyard chickens but savagely restricts his poultry diet to fowl that have been bred to fight.

"He says the other kind don't have any flavor," Roy explains.

Roy has been bred to fight, too, but his good manners and soft voice won't let you appreciate it until you see him in the training ring, earnestly absorbing the lessons of Bill Gore, a tall and slender white-haired veteran of a thousand training camps, a man

who has trained such knowing champions as Willie Pep and Joe Brown. It is Gore's job to give Harris enough learning so that he may have a decent shot at Floyd Patterson's title. It is not an easy job. Harris is no Pep or Brown, with their consummate skills. He lacks their experience and probably lacks their native abilities. He is still somewhat crude, still learning. Gore's job is enormous, but he does not think it is impossible. He has discovered that Harris, a boy during his off hours, becomes a man when he works, that he takes correction with mature earnestness and that he is an apt pupil. Gore decided early in the game, and probably wisely, to limit what Roy must learn for this fight rather than confuse him with more instruction than could be absorbed in the brief training period.

"I think he's picking it up," Gore finally announced the other day. "He shoots better with his right hand. Everything is all right going down the stretch. As for his morale, he is overburdened with confidence. I have never seen such a determined fellow. This is a fighter they'll have to carry out of the ring if he loses."

WORK AND REST

The situation and atmosphere at Patterson's camp, a beach resort some 85 miles away at Oceanside, is vastly different. It, too, reflects the personality of the fighter. This is the camp of a champion of Ph.D. grade, a fellow who has none of the basics to learn any more, settled in his routines, coolly aware of the value of his title, coldly determined that no one will take it from him if meticulous preparation will save it. Fighting has become a serious business for Patterson, and so there is a certain grim efficiency about his camp, expressed in such ways as a tendency to walk on eggs lest the champion's frequent slumbers be disturbed. The camp motto is "Work and Rest." It is not a place where fighting can be regarded as fun. Patterson, who likes the woods,

is not yet quite at home on the beach, where he is not permitted to swim because of the effect swimming might have on his muscles. A quiet man who has acquired a rather special dignity as champion, he answers questions easily and straightforwardly but volunteers no small talk.

Patterson is a superbly tuned fighting instrument. Harris is a country fiddle. Because Patterson is so seriously bent on perfection, and thus is easily disturbed by breaks in routine, he got off to a rather poor start in his California training. A two-week postponement of the fight upset him, disturbed his precise timing, finally caused him to ease up for a few days. When he resumed, the champion's good early schooling began to assert itself, his timing improved and he began to fire combinations in bursts of oldtime machine-gun speed. One sparring partner, the durable Paul Wright, was battered just too much about the body, where most Patterson combinations start, and found it necessary to retire. Jose Torres, a middleweight who had impressed the boxing world by decking Patterson with a right hand—pretty much a slip, according to Patterson—began to need all his speed to stay in the ring with the champion.

Harris started out looking very good indeed. He stumbled a little on a couple of occasions as 212-pound Howie Turner, who has previously trained with Patterson, began to apply some of the knowledge he had learned from the titleholder. But then Harris picked up and began to show steady improvement.

"I wish I had had Bill Gore training me three years ago," Harris said one evening after a very good workout. "I'm sure learning a lot."

He is learning such rather simple, elementary things as, for instance, that a hook is delivered with a hooked left wrist and that a right cross must also be delivered with a bent wrist. Perhaps he thought he was boxing properly but Gore, who likes to move

about the ring like a referee, peered closely at him one day and discovered the defect. He set about correcting it. Harris' straight-wristed punches, the jab and right uppercut, seem to come natural to him and are excellent. His left hand is extremely fast, perhaps as fast as Patterson's in single punches. That uppercut, though, may be the key to whatever success Harris will have at Wrigley Field. It is a first-rate blow, and Patterson has been hit repeatedly with right uppercuts in training. Gore is obviously interested in its possibilities. He believes it is his charge's best punch.

Gore first saw Harris fight against Willie Pastrano but did not assume command of his training until it was time to get ready for the Will Besmanoff fight last October. Until then Harris had most often been described as "awkwardly clever"—an expression that probably meant he confused his opponents and their corners. In training he does not look really awkward and he does not look particularly clever. What he will look like under pressure is another matter. Perhaps the word "awkward" was based on Harris' footwork, which is not of the best. He has had to be taught, for instance, that in retreating he should draw back his right foot first, rather than his left, in order to gain an extra step. (If you want to try this in the living room, extend your left foot forward in the fighter's natural stance. If you draw the left foot back until it is parallel with the right you are as

close to your opponent as you were before. If you draw it back past the right foot you are off balance and likely to be knocked down. Draw back the right foot, then the left, and all is well. So much for Arthur Murray.)

Harris is a straight-up fighter, with very little bob or weave to make an opponent miss. For the most part he holds his hands protectively high, with elbows tight to the body, but it was noticed that quite often when he throws a left he raises the right hand, exposing the rib cage. That could be disastrous, for one of Patterson's most devastating combinations starts with a left hook to the body.

THE MAXIM TECHNIQUE

Combinations, incidentally, are one principal difference between the two fighters. Patterson puts his punches together in awesomely complex series, every punch planned to clear the way for another. Harris' best series seems to be the elementary, though effective, 1-2.

Gore hopes to prevent Patterson from using his combinations.

"Harris will keep Patterson on the end of his left hand," the trainer said. "That left hand is very fast, and I don't think Patterson slips or brushes aside a jab too effectively. Joey Maxim used his left hand on him and did all right."

Joey won the official decision, as a matter of fact, though not a newspaperman present agreed with the officials.

There are those who hold that Harris' skills have been underrated, that his moves are better than they look. Certainly his defeat of the very skilled Willie Pastrano would indicate something of the sort. A Harris enthusiast, Frank Goddard of the *Houston Press*, kindly listed some Harris moves that bewildered Pastrano:

"1) Roy would slip to the right on Willie's second jab, then slam a right to the body.

"2) He would slip and feint and throw a left hook to the body or jaw.

"3) He used sneak right-hand leads landing close to the head.

"4) In the late rounds, when Pastrano was tired and lunging, he would hit him with right uppercuts.

"5) He hit Pastrano with jabs all night."

Suspicion that the Pastrano verdict might have been a home town decision vanished in a check of a dozen competent witnesses, all but one of whom agreed that Harris won.

Though Harris rates behind Zora Folley (now No. 1) and Eddie Machen in the National Boxing Association ratings, only Folley and Machen are complaining that they were bypassed for this title fight. This was only justice, a deserved punishment for their San Francisco fiasco. Harris at least has never put on a bad fight and is undefeated in 22. Except for Pastrano, his opposition has not been of the highest available caliber, but it compares favorably with that which Patterson himself has fought. This could be Floyd's roughest opponent since he met Archie Moore.

There is some mystery about Harris' weight. Gore was disappointed at the start of training when he found his charge weighed a mere 186 pounds. He started him immediately on a diet of steaks smothered in steaks, which Roy attacked happily, and managed to add several pounds despite rigorous training. He thinks now that Harris may enter the ring weighing 192. If so, he will outweigh the champion, who probably won't go above 185.

Harris is not likely to win the title but he may well be the first opponent to extend Patterson since he became champion. But if, by chance or by some hidden genius of his fists, he should seize the championship, Roy Harris could be the man to restore the title to the prestige and acclaim it enjoyed in the days of Dempsey and Louis, which were the best days it ever had.

END

<p>RKO 80th ST. THEATRE Monday Evening August 11, 1958 Box Office Closed at 11 ADMIT ONE MAXIMUM \$5.00 LOOSE No. 016</p>	<p>EXCLUSIVE THEATRE TELECAST - NO HOME TV WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT FROM Wrigley Field, Los Angeles JOEY PATTERSON vs. ROY HARRIS RKO 80th ST. THEATRE 100 East 80th Street Mon. Eve., Aug. 10, 1958. Box Office Closed at 11 THIS TICKET GUARANTEES A SEAT ADMIT ONE MAXIMUM \$5.00 LOOSE No. 016</p>	<p>RKO 80th ST. 100 East 80th Street RAIN CHECK IF PATTERSON, HARRIS, OR MAXIMUM HAS OCCURRED OR MAXIMUM HAS OCCURRED OR MAXIMUM HAS OCCURRED OR MAXIMUM HAS OCCURRED ADMIT ONE MAXIMUM \$5.00 LOOSE No. 016</p>
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THEATRE TV is boxing's new economic look. Tickets like this are being sold at theaters all over the country and will make the actual live-fight sale at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles of secondary importance. TelePrompTer, owner of the theater rights, has a potential draw of \$2,250,000, while capacity at Wrigley Field would draw \$640,000. Naturally, interest is at its peak in Texas, Harris' home state. A \$50,000 theater game is expected in Houston, where the Basilio-Robinson TelePrompTer show drew \$18,000. At Conroe, four and a half miles from Cat and Shoot, space for 10,000 Harris rooters has been arranged for at a drive-in theater, with a \$85,000 haul predicted. Nine other Texas cities are showing the fight at a \$7.50 top.

Hitting the Andes trail

It starts at Santiago in Chile and leads steeply upward to a unique resort in the skies

Nearly two miles high in what would seem to be the inaccessible heart of the Chilean Andes, while most of the U.S. sweaters in August heat, a lucky few who love skiing enough to pursue it all year round are at this very moment disporting themselves in sun and snow in just about the most sensational skiing area in the world. Although the resort of Portillo (see page 12) consists of little more than the massive, watermelon-pink Gran Hotel Portillo, three shacks for the ski lift operators and a railroad station, it has all the creature comforts that a modern skier asks for, plus the wildness of really high-altitude (20,000 feet) mountain scenery. And it can be reached from Miami, take-off point for the major airlines' flights to Chile in just 22 hours for between \$800 and \$1,000 round trip depending on how you choose to fly.

The hotel, which was built by the Chilean government in 1948, has three ski lifts—two chair lifts totaling 3,890 feet and a 2,800-foot platter pull. There is a skating rink as well, and an underground passage to the railroad station where the trains from Santiago pull in. The ski slopes and one almost vertical descent where Ralph Miller set the world's downhill speed record in 1955, something around 110 miles an hour, are a moment's distance from the hotel. The beginners' slope is southeast of the hotel and the speed-record run is to the northeast, while the two more advanced descents are in between.

Strangely enough, the higher of the advanced slopes, which is reached by two chair lifts—one to La Cumbre and the second to El Plateau—is the easier, although the longer, descent. More expert or braver skiers leave

the lift at La Cumbre and cope with the rigors of a steep, narrow defile between two rock masses known as La Garganta—the throat. Inevitably the non-Spanish-speaking skiers refer to it as Gargantua, to the amusement of the Latins, for there is nothing in the least Gargantuan about the slope, its greatest peril being its extreme narrowness at the steepest point—approximately 30 feet.

Two all-day ski tours are also available. One leads down the valley for a



ANDES RESORTS, built in spectacular mountain wilderness, are still few and far between, but with unlimited potential.

distance of four miles to a village called Juneau, from which one returns by train late in the afternoon. The other trip has as its goal the famous Christ of the Andes on the Chilean-Argentine border, an outing involving a three-hour climb, a picnic lunch and an hour-and-a-half descent. Of these two tours the former is the more popular, since it involves no climbing, a not unimportant point at this altitude.

There are other more taxing tours with appeal only for expert skiers

which can be made when snow and weather conditions permit. All involve climbing and should under no circumstances be attempted without a guide. Notable among these are the run down the boulder-strewn Roca de Jack, or Jack's Rock; another called Ojos de Salados, or Salty Eyes—a reference, no doubt, to the state of the skier's eyes as he hurtles down; and a third rather significantly named Clavos Calientes, or Hot Nails. Some skiers believe it was so named to suggest that the old Hindu stunt of walking on hot nails was an amateur's trick compared to skidding down this precipitous run at Portillo.

The quantity and quality of the snow at Portillo is unexcelled anywhere, which is one of the reasons that Olympic skiers from all over the Western Hemisphere throng to Portillo in July and August. They do not, however, expect to find the ultimate in luxury of accommodations. Unfortunately, at this time, Chile is still in the throes of an economic crisis and an austerity program comparable to that of Britain after World War II. Most Chileans are taking it in their stride but, admirable as the program is, it does not have a stimulating effect on the management of resort hotels. The Gran Hotel Portillo, too, has suffered from the crisis—the hotel accommodations are not up to the luxurious standards of its European counterparts. The food, though abundant and perfectly served through all five courses, is not outstanding. The rooms, which can accommodate up to 300 people, are adequate, all with private bath, and there is a dormitory on the top floor for the less affluent. The beds are comfortable, the lights work, there are hangers in the closets, the water is hot, which is more than can be said for the temperature inside the hotel during the daytime. Coal and wood are expensive commodities to haul up to Portillo, and there is an understandable need to conserve them.

continued



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ANDES TRAIL

continued

Two common rooms of the hotel which do not seem to suffer from the lack of heat are the Juvenile Bar, where soft drinks are served and three billiard tables and three ping-pong tables are provided; and the *Botte*, certainly the throbbing heart of the hotel and a place the truly dedicated skier will probably never enter, since its hours of operation are from midnight until the last guest leaves. This little night club, decorated with Easter Island motifs, is properly dark and conversation is properly limited by the music-making of a piano, guitar and drum trio who can play anything from tango to rock 'n' roll, with a marked preference for the latter.

In addition, there is a ski shop which sells the bare essentials—socks, dark glasses and so on—a first-aid room and a ski rental and repair shop.

Prices at Portillo average about \$25 a day for a couple—meals included, of course. Ski instruction is about \$1.50 an hour for a private lesson; ski rentals are around 75c a day. The tipping rate is low and the prices of the excellent Chilean wines are rock-bottom.

Several factors indicate that improvements at the hotel are on the way. The Chilean government, inspired by Pan American-Grace Airways (who are so enthusiastic about promoting summer skiing in Chile that they have made available to their passengers Hart skis, Henke boots, poles, trousers and parkas on

a rental basis at their Santiago office), is becoming increasingly aware that it has a real tourist attraction in Portillo.

Stein Eriksen, former Olympic slalom champion, businessman, entrepreneur and gentleman, who now heads Portillo's skischool, is certainly the hotel's No. 1 asset. In 1956 he had his first year at Portillo, where he replaced the great Emile Allais. A handsome young man with clear blue eyes, blond wavy hair and a ski wardrobe that permits, nay, demands at least six changes daily (one of his side-lines is the promotion of ski clothes in the U.S.), Eriksen skis the way a sea gull flies, in beautiful, effortless swoops and glides, and is well liked and respected by everyone, guest or employee. His staff includes a Chilean, a Bolivian and an English instructor from Squaw Valley, Misty Cumberland—all of whom seem to have been infected by Stein's courteous, gentle manner of teaching people to ski or improve their skiing in the most pleasant fashion possible.

Three Chilean boys form the ski patrol. They are on the slopes as long as there are skiers about, ready to help out in case of accident. In the event of trouble there are toboggans, a doctor and a nurse available at all times.

Santiago, Chile, is the take-off point for Portillo. Once arrived there, usually by Panagra (see box), spend the night at the Hotel Carrera and be at Mapocho railroad station at 7:45 the next morning, when the train leaves for the 100-mile trip to Portillo

via Los Andes. The round-trip fare from Santiago of about \$8 is one of the best travel bargains going, for the Chilean railroads have first-class equipment and give first-class service. If you are lucky enough to have made a friend of someone with a car you can leave later and drive to Los Andes in time to make your connection with the Transandino train, an archaic cog-rail machine which chugs between Los Andes and the Argentine border.

The Transandino deserves a few words of description because it is part of the fun of the trip. It must be the last train in the Western Hemisphere that still sports a coal stove in the middle of each car. It has elaborate papier-mâché-decorated ceilings which are sometimes obscured by smoke from the stoves, and a dining car with louvered shutters which can be lowered should the diner suffer from vertigo as he watches the train climb into the Andes over switchbacks and yawning crevasses.

The scenery, of course, is memorable, and the atmosphere inside the cars is the typical high-spirited mood that skiers seem to generate. The train, which parallels the highway that is closed in winter, leaves Los Andes four days a week at 11:30 in the morning and arrives at Portillo about 2:30 in the afternoon. Should you miss your connection at Los Andes, do not despair. For around \$80 you can have the time of your life whizzing up to Portillo in a bus which rides the rails on its wheel rims, as strange a contraption as the Andes ever saw.

SOME OTHER RESORTS IN THE ANDES

Chile

FAREILONES, reached by auto, preferably Jeep, is 35 miles from Santiago via dirt road featuring 40 numbered hairpin turns. Clifton F. Leatherbee, formerly of Newton, Mass., makes run daily. Elevation at base of area is 7,000 feet. Has 1,000-foot beginners' wire-rope tow (watch fingers!), rises 150 feet. Then, in line, are three lifts, totaling 12,500 feet, with vertical rise of 3,850 feet. First is 1,450-foot T bar, 450-foot rise, 250 skiers per hour; then 3,600-foot Pomalé, 600-foot rise, 250 per hour; finally, 7,250-foot double chair lift, 1,810-foot rise, 200 per hour. Has two hotels: La Posada, capacity 72; Hostelry Farellones, capacity 20, and Leatherbee takes in 12. Rates are about

\$4 to \$6 per day, meals included. Food fair, accommodations short on central heating. Lifts cost about \$1.60 per day. Instruction is a sometime thing.

LA PAJUA, a cluster of about eight private *refugios*, is about 1½ miles up the road from Farellones, features 4,700-foot double chair lift, 1,700-foot rise, 250 per hour, weekends only. Canteen has beds for 16 at \$4 per day. Most tourists stay at Santiago's Hotel Carrera, take station wagon bus to either area; costs about \$3.50 round trip, takes hour and half.

LAGUNILLAS is two hours south of Santiago by car, usually skied only by Chileans, using short makeshift tow. Has accommodations for over 200 skiers in four lodges and a number of smaller

cabins and offers a wide variety of tours.

CHILEAN LAKE REGION has host of good mountain and tours, paucity of ski lodges. Take train to Temuco and arrange for private car to ski LLANOS, where the volcano still belches smoke from time to time. Other mountain towns are OBERNO and VILLARRICA.

Argentina

BARLOCHE is the only major ski resort in Argentina. Located near the Chilean border, it can be reached by plane from Buenos Aires or by steamer and bus from Temuco, Chile. At base elevation of 4,000 feet, season is fickle. Aerial tram is 6,700 feet long with 3,475-foot rise, offering Woodstock, Vt.-type slopes and long runs. Cathedral Ski Hotel is nearest slopes, costs about \$8 per day for everything. Liso-Liso is swankier, farther from slopes, costs around \$16.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Mr. Blackwood demands obedience

EASLEY BLACKWOOD's ingenious dowsing rod for locating aces and kings has been in public use for a rather long time. Unfortunately, there remain hordes of players who fail to recognize that their Blackwood franchise conveys both rights and obligations.

The asker enjoys the privilege of backing his partner into a corner and demanding to know how many aces he holds. Painful though it might be, the responder must assume the role of the stooge. He must answer questions but, with rare and specifically prescribed exceptions, he may not ad-lib.

In presenting the following deal, it is not our purpose to glorify crime. In fact, we intend to express righteous indignation with North's recalcitrant refusal to conform. But it may be that the yarn we started to spin has got a bit out of hand.

Neither side vulnerable
South deals

NORTH



WEST



EAST



SOUTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: spade 6

When North made a jump raise of the opening bid, South was amply justified in cocking his arm for a slam effort. He reasoned properly that if partner held two aces the slam would be a virtual cinch and even with only one ace there should be a reasonable chance if partner could produce a heart holding that was not too unattractive.

However, North's five-club response confessed to an utter lack of aces and South, of course, signed off at five spades. North, imbued with the idea that he held more than he might have had for his jump to three spades, went blithely on to six spades.

Observe please that South had announced in no uncertain terms: "Partner, if you have no aces a slam is unmakeable." But North, not in a mood to be regimented, expressed views of his own in a manner which said scornfully: "Partner, I am convinced that you know not whereof you speak."

Because I must doff my hat to success, the discipline of my organization has been torn to shreds. After the lead of the 6 of spades, if declarer was emotionally affected at sight of the "impossible" dummy that North put down he gave no outward indication of it. He won in dummy and immediately led a diamond.

Without discussing the merits of East's play, we merely report that he ducked, hoping to put declarer to a guess. South's choice of the card to play is noteworthy. He selected the queen, thus painting for West a false picture of a finesse against the king.

Declarer then led the club 7. West took the trick and led a heart, hoping to find partner with a trick in that suit. Declarer was in, drew trumps and shed his three remaining diamonds on dummy's good clubs.

No brief is held for the defense, but South deserves a full measure of tribute for making his plays in just the sequence to provide him with whatever chance there was of bringing home his forlorn hope, even though the result—from East and West's viewpoint—was a complete miscarriage of justice.

EXTRA TRICK

The Blackwood Four-Five No Trump Convention has several valuable safeguards that would increase its efficiency if only more players observed them. First: the asker must be safe at the bid to which he will be forced by any response. Second: the responder must do no more than his duty unless, by a bid of five no trump, the news is joyfully released that the slambound side holds all the aces. Only then, freed of fear of losing a first round trick, is the responder at liberty to act more boldly.

SPORTING LOOK / *Fred R. Smith*

Big-spending war babies

**Four million boys born during World War II
are the new target of the men's wear industry**

As John Jeffrey (at the left) and four million other teen-age boys get ready to go back to school next month, they're in for a big surprise—the red-carpet treatment at the clothing store. For the merchants of the land have realized that John Jeffrey and his 14-to-18-year-old male classmates (he has an equal number of female classmates), the enormous crop of war babies born from 1940 to 1945, are their biggest pool of new customers. There will be 50% more of them trooping into the nation's high schools next month than in September 1940, and they represent a \$410 million market. No longer is the teen-ager the in-between, forced to shop either in too-young prep shops or in university departments which are often too expensive. This new fair-haired boy seems determined to be as well dressed as his fair female classmates. From Beverly Hills, where these pictures were taken, to Bangor, stores are offering clothes cut to his stature, both economically and physically.

To conform to his youthful slinness, his suit now comes with a seven-inch drop from jacket to waist (size 40 suit has 33-inch trousers instead of the five-inch difference standard in men's suits). He wears his trousers on his hips—they're cut to fit there. He wants a good \$50 suit, a good \$35 sport jacket. He lives in sport shirts and has a liking for dark patterns. His favorite dress shirt has a tab collar. He prefers ties with foulard patterns, belts with ribbon stripes, buck shoes or Norwegian moose. He's a car bug, and his favorite outer garment is a car coat with rainproof shell, a warm lining. He collects sweaters like Pat Boone records, and his ducktail has been trimmed to a crew cut. As evidenced by the boys and girls from Beverly Hills High, this grown-up bunch of war babies is the best-dressed group of teen-agers yet.

Photographs by Christie

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT John Jeffrey's gray suit (\$49.50, Gordon) is a blend of Orton and worsted. Its slim cut, like the tab-collar shirt (\$7.50, Grant), is a schoolboy favorite.





TENNIS PLAYER Ray Warren studies with Alison Pink. His string-color sweater (\$18, Activair) is a copy of an Irish hand-knit, an example of the individual sweaters the boys collect.



CAMPUS BEAUTY Phyllis Fenton admires Jeff Kille's suit of tan fall-weight ribbed cotton (\$50, Cricketer), lined with madras, and his checked gingham shirt (\$8, Sero of New Haven).

ICE-CREAM PARTY is greeted by Azita Alberts and Joel Sax. Treating Alison Pink and Sunny Tomblin (standing) at Wil Wright's is a sport-jacketed trio: Dave Saffren in diagonal

tweed trimmed with leather (\$35, McGregor), Ray Warren in striped tweed with hacking pockets (\$45, Chester Laurie), Jerry Sax in red-striped navy blazer (\$35, Varsity-Town). Rels ties.





INNER COMFORT is shown by Joel Sax, whose blue poplin car coat (\$50, Zero King) has a red flannel lining, and Ray Warren, whose poplin coat (\$40, McGregor) has Verel fleece lining.



CORVETTE CREW gets road-ready after school in car coat and sweater. Ray Warren's coat (\$36, McGregor) is of wide-wale cotton, lined with loden cloth. Jeff Ellis' sweater is a bulky



APPLE-RED SHIRTS are now patterned Oxford button-downs. Conrad Baumgartner's has a small foulard print (\$6, McGregor) and John Jeffrey's has an all-over Paisley pattern (\$6, Arrow).

TUNED IN at the truck, Fred Hlfield, scholastic and tennis star, wears another collector's sweater, the Thunderhead (\$16, Catalina), of tan Orlon and wool with an Orlon fleece-lined hood.





WHITE WOOL CARDIGAN (\$25, Forstmann) which has leather bottoms and suede trim on pockets. Both garments have leather patches on the sleeves.



NATATORIUM at Beverly Hills High has an Olympic pool which converts to a basketball court—part of the school's superb athletic plant. Swim Star Jerry Sax wears a wool cardigan sweater (\$25, Jantzen) with pewter bottoms.

TROPHY ADMIRER Conrad Baumgartner wears another practical student suit—a Dacron-cotton whipcord (\$69, Stanley Blacker) with leather piping, side vents.



QUARTET OF STUDENTS—the Sax twins, Conrad Baumgartner (left) and John Jeffrey—wear the best new shirt of fall (\$7, Jantzen). It's a cotton knit pullover with a foulard pattern and button-down collar.

ADVENTURES ON THE REEF

A fish in the hand, finds the diplomat turned diver, is worth two in a bowl—and that goes for lobsters, too

by CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

SCUBACADABRA

*The time has come, the Scubid said,
To talk of many things,
Of tanks and tubes and diving gear,
And snorkelers and oblongs,
And cackling squirrelfish by hand,
And wily octopi have wings.*

BEFORE our scuba trip was over, we had indeed talked of many things. There were the hours driving together to and from the boat landing, plying back and forth from the diving grounds when we loitered around in the salt-soaked, rain-splashed cabin (after the first two days nobody bothered to try to keep dry). There were the few sunny hours when we sprawled on the little deck, among the tangle of tanks, tubes, regulators, weight belts, spears and great flapping towels. Above all, there were the lunch-break hours between dives. Then Art, consuming vast quantities himself, always warned the rest of us to "go

light" on the food. He would explain how a big meal might suddenly "get stuck here" (pointing to his jugular area) when you dived. He, for example, loved peanut butter. But peanut butter was the worst, especially if you ate hard-boiled eggs with it. "Once, after I and my brother had about 20 of these peanut butter sandwiches, we dive, and first thing, a big Nassau grouper comes along. . . ." This was one of the few sad stories in the Pinder saga: the peanut butter backfired on both Pinders, and the fish got away.

And there were the evenings (never long, for divers who love to dive get to bed early and drink and smoke little). Mostly, Louisa and I spent them together at Sir Victor's. But sometimes we all went to Black Beard's, where Art could get his massive steaks. Art never tired of the sight of fish, but he couldn't bear the taste of them. I fancied that in his

continued

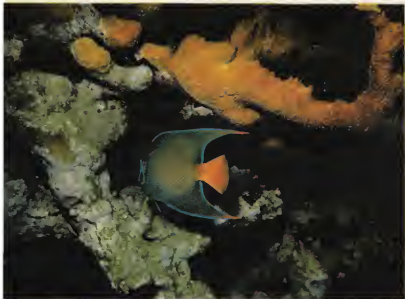
Studying a lobster at first hand, I finally comprehend him—complicated, spiny, ugly, he is just a very big bug.

*Photographs by Colin Pinney
and David Goodnow*









There is no created thing more beautiful than a queen angelfish floating among the mysterious vaults of coral.

The big ruby eye of the red-gold squirrelfish gives him an air at once cocky, spunky, candid.

Schools of yellow grunts skuttle back and forth weaving nets of silver, pink and gold on blooms of dead coral.





Faithful pairs of tippling four-eyed butterfly fish play games of fairy tag through blossoming sea whips or nibble delicately on tiny worms and crustacea.

THE HEAVEN BELOW

continued

subconscious he felt that spearing fish was a form of justifiable homicide but that eating them was unjustifiable—it was cannibalism. Art never speared a small fish (by which he meant under 10 pounds) if he could help it, never left a wounded fish to die in the sea and wouldn't kill any fish that was what he called "kind of pretty." I think he would righteously spear any man he caught spearing a queen angelfish.

Art, to our surprise, often did not know the names of the most familiar little reef fish. My own passion for the tiny blue-and-gold fairy bass and blue-and-sapphire jewelfish aroused his curiosity sufficiently so that on one day's dive he deigned to hang on to a coral spine beside me watching a school of them for almost 10 minutes. Then he flipped away and came back with a bag of chum and tried to help me feed them.

We talked of the difficulties in terminology which surround underwater swimming. Snorkeler and spearfisher are self-explanatory terms. But there is really no popular and accurate word for the person who goes under the water in a self-contained underwater breathing apparatus. "Skin-diver" is not a very accurate description of a person who dives not only with a lung but often wearing thick underwear under an all-over rubber suit, as cold-water divers do. "Tank diver" and "lung diver" are cumbersome terms; "tanker" and "lunger" are ugly. "Scuba-diver" is the most accurate, but "scubist" is shorter. I suggested that if we accepted scubist we could then speak of a scientific scubist, a camera scubist, a scubbiologist, a scubbiethyologist, a scubbiarchaeologist, a scuba worker, a scubbi-industrialist, a treasure scubist, or a scubexplorer and, of course, a scubuddy. The field opened out. Art, who had dived the length and breadth of the Caribbean, was obviously not only aquibitious, he was a scuberman among scubmenschen, except when he was a scubbaby-sitter for scubdubs like scubartist Louisa and scubballs like me.

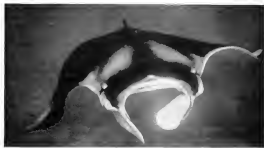
We talked of scubistic psychology. Why do some people yearn to dive, others shiver with fright at the thought of it? I told Coles about a newspaper account I had recently read of an analyst's speech at the

American Psychoanalytical Association in San Francisco.* This analyst had said that the way scuba-divers talk and write indicates that they equate the ocean with their mother's womb; they are, he said, victims of a "shallow-water euphoria" which "makes them think they are somehow once again utterly safe in their mothers' arms." The scubist who comes to crave his feeling of scub-euphoria "thus may develop a dangerous addiction to diving." Fifty feet down he may decide to sack out—for good—in mama ocean's arms.

Coles said, "The guy who wrote that was either never under water or never in a womb."

Alone, Louisa and I spoke of underwater things in a different way.

knows himself to be a mere human anchovy in the world of the leviathan whale. Of how, as he drifts about within his infinitesimal globe of the mighty ocean "exploring" his splintered splinter of the splintered coral reef, he feels his own ignorance and helplessness, as a blind man must feel his blindness. Of how, nevertheless, down there he feels so keenly God's presence, recognizing the work of the great artist's hand. For the artist is recognized by his style—his subjects change, but his style does not change. We noted, awestruck, the extraordinary resemblance between many coral forms and the cacti forms that bloom on deserts from which the sea subsided eons ago. Is the parrot fish a bird



A MONSTER OF THE DEEP, the manta ray looks "like an evil spirit flying to the moon, like Satan, with his head and arms secreted in his black mantle. . . ."

We decided that fish have temperaments no less than humans and land creatures. The queen angelfish is serene, the squirrelfish is definitely cocky, the bream is shy. Porpoises are playful and groupers amiable (until pushed too far). Pipefish are erratic, flying fish flighty, school-masters and doctorfish pompous. Sergeant majors are impatient, demobelles spunky, amberjacks curious, rock hinds placid, sea borses snippy and flounders hopelessly phlegmatic. Fairy bass are hysterical Tinker Bells, and four-eyed butterfly fish are the clowns of the reef. The octopus is timid (really!). Barracudas are treacherous, sharks are maniacal, and moray eels are secretive, treacherous and paranoid.

We talked, too, of a skin-diver's feeling of deep humility when he

with scales, a parrot fish with feathers? We saw hope for the world in the sea: the victorious struggle over the centuries of the coral communities against that mightiest force, the sea, bears witness to us that the forces of creation overtake—slowly, slowly—the forces of destruction.

TUESDAY, MAY 27

Today, Louisa gets down 30 feet with Coles, and she uses up a whole tank of air. The first thing she does is pick a sprig of sea whip, and for some strange reason she carries it in her hand the entire time she is down. She even clings to it when she finds herself mixed up in an underwater ballet. It is quite a lovely thing to see: a trio of gray, purple-backed amberjacks move in on Coles and Louisa. They are almost a third Louisa's size. At once they begin to circle round and round and round

* Dr. Federico Gersey, "Preliminary Note on Diving."

continued



MAN WITH A LIGHT PROBLEM. Coles Phinney, spent hours with underwater flash equipment and complex wiring seeking new ways to illuminate the reef's seascape.

THE HEAVEN BELOW

continued

ber, rolling curious golden eyes at her. Louisa is a little scared at first; she keeps turning and turning to keep them in full view. Coles turns even faster as he tries (without success) to get planet Louisa and her satellite amberjacks into one camera focus. After Louisa realizes how friendly they are she tries to make them a peace offering of her sprig of sea whip, but they just spiral off and then come in again, circling as though she were a subaquatic ringmaster and they her circus horses. It all wants music badly—lovely, gay, underwater calypso music.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28

*When the sands are all dry, he is
gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous
tones of the Shark;
But, when the tide rises and sharks
are around,
His voice has a timid and tremu-
lous sound.*

—LEWIS CARROLL

from *Alice in Wonderland*

Weather—light overcast, windless. We drop anchor on a 30-foot bottom. A hundred yards off the *Big Seven's* stern, a forest of brittle elkhorn coral grows to about seven feet from the top. After Louisa and I gear up, Coles and Dave go off snorkeling together. They hope that today they

can get some good reef fish shots without flashbulbs. This leaves Art to "buddy" Louisa and me. Reluctantly, as always, Art gets into the heavy scuba gear and for good measure brings along his underwater motion picture camera.

I see a wallopang big lobster in a coral pot. It is a Florida crawfish or spiny lobster. I lie flat on my stomach watching him. Reared up on his forelegs, he is motionless. His carapace is yellow and black coromandel. I poke a tentative forefinger in his direction. His two long whips circle clockwise, then counterclockwise. I see they are studded with sharp spines. His bony eyebrows, jutting from his occiput,

overhang black beady eyes on thin sticks that swivel. I see he has five pairs of legs, each four-jointed. He has five pairs of swimmerets on each side of his six-jointed armored tail. His tail fan is in five sections. He is really an incredible contraption. He has intricate appendages on his undercarriage on either side of his mouth, which is in itself equipped with all sorts of extraordinary devices for sucking, separating, mincing and shoveling in his food. His underside looks as complicated to me as what I see when I lift the hood of an automobile. I reach out swiftly and nip one of his antennae. He twirls it away, insolently. I grab. He withdraws deep under his ledge. Art, swimming over the ledge, finds a hole in the top and with a gloved hand reaches in and jabs the lobster in the tail. He scuttles right out at me, looking so like the advance guard of an underwater tank brigade I half withdraw in fright. Art swoops, grabs him, whoops! by the back. The lobster flaps his tail in a fury. Art hands him to me. I take him gingerly. His back spines dig into my palm. I let him go quickly. With a powerful clip of his tail, he jet-propels himself backward into a hole higher up on the ledge. I am definitely annoyed. I motion Art to lend me a glove, put it on and poke into his new hideout. He roars back and up. Now, underneath, for the first time I see the rich red burden of eggs the tail carries. *He is a she*, I pantomime this fact to Art. He nods, swims away. No man he to torment a pregnant lobster.

We spend a half hour stalking lobsters who are not in a delicate

continued

MAN WITH A FISH PROBLEM. David Goodnow, poked patiently into all the nooks and crannies of the reef, seeking to capture in fleeting poses its tiny creatures.



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THE HEAVEN BELOW

continued

condition. Finally, with Art's help, I unhook one and grab him by the back. I swim about with him, waving him thisaway, thataway. I want to tire him so I can examine him at my ease. I let him cling to rocks with all 10 legs, then rip him away. I am certainly mean. I carry him out to a wide stretch of sandy bottom, drop him. He shoots backward, I pounce, then let go, then pounce again. I turn him over, examine his shelly segmented abdomen. Now I feel I comprehend him. I say to myself, "He is just a

lunch. A two-foot remora, or suckerfish, comes alongside. The top of his head is a plate which looks like a tire-treaded suction cup. He uses it to fasten himself onto the bellies of sharks. While he hitchhikes, he eats the living fish crumbs that fall from the mouth of his predatory host.

"Those things can be an awful nuisance," Art says. "Once I and my brother were fighting off this big tiger shark when this remora cuts loose from the shark's belly and latches onto the inside of my thigh, here. I almost drowned, that remora scared me so!"

"And the shark?" Louisa asks.

I think he probably put flippers and mask on in midair.

A quarter of a mile out I see two black triangles, rising and falling like the wing tips of a morieling butterfly. They are fluttering our way.

"It's a big manta ray," Coles says.

He and David leap for masks, flippers and cameras. As I hit the water I see Art pulling steadily toward the manta. I swim so hard I lose track of where everybody is. I look up. Art is driving the manta toward us. It is between Art and the heat. Dave and I are between the boat and the manta. I see now that those triangle tips are about six feet apart. Art bellows at me, "Look out, he's coming right at you." I start to swim away. Art bellows, "He won't hurt you." I face the manta, dive deep and then look up. How beautiful is the manta ray! His big belly, which flows into his great butterfly fins, is white as moonlight. His vast fish wings rise, fall, rise, fall, with the slow, supple, almost human grace of the arms of a Siamese temple dancer. He is steadily coming closer. I go down again to view him. Oh, how ugly, too, is the manta ray! His back is black as midnight. The fleshy fin before his low-slung snout hangs down in front like a bloodhound's ears. Eight feet behind him I see his whiplash tail. The devil I see why he is called "the devil-fish." He looks like a giant bat flying against the moon; or like Satan, with head and arms secreted in his black mantle, which still does not conceal his ape's tail. I rise, gulp air, go down and down. I hope he will pass over me like an evil spirit flying to Walpurgis Night. I swim after him hard. When I look up he is gone, and we are a quarter of a mile from the boat, and I am tired.

On board I listen, enchanted, while Coles talks of the extraordinary manta family. Unlike its smaller relations, the skates and sting rays, it is a surface swimmer. Oviparous, the female manta, Coles says, hatches eggs within her body and gives birth to living young.

Art says, "I and my brother saw one doing it. I think it was near Calicos. . . ." He looks for something to eat.

Louisa quickly hands him her apple.

"Well, this manta is about 15 feet across. We're chasing her, and away she goes through the water. Next thing we know, we're swimming in a mess of baby mantas. She



IN SEARCH OF SEA FANS. Mrs. Luce wanders with hatchet and snorkel among the coral heads, reaping the foathery harvest of what she later called "my sea-fan border."

very big ugly bug, and it would be a calamity for him if he ever got arthritis." Then I set him down, quite free, on a shelf near a hole. He doesn't move. I nudge him. His antennae droop, and his 10 legs wobble.

On board, I tell Coles, "You have no idea what a delightful thing a lobster quadrille is: you advance twice, change lobsters and retire in the same order. You throw the lobsters out to sea and then swim after them."

Art said, "She was acting like a kid with that lobster."

So I was. A real Alice in a real wonderland, where real lobsters become neurotic.

Louisa and Art and I are sitting on the gunwale of the boat eating our

"Oh, he got rattled when his remora quit him. Anyway, he goes off to look for another."

He laughs again. "Maybe this remora's shark is around here somewhere, looking for him," he says as he goes back for another sandwich.

Hopeful the sharkless remora will not latch on to us—or a shark—before our afternoon dive, Louisa and I feed him great hunks of our own sandwiches. He is voracious. Coles says, "He's had about \$2.50 worth of Sir Victor's food now."

Suddenly we hear Art call out from the stern.

"Hey, Coles! Look what's coming."

We hear the familiar, almost silent "plomp" as Art goes overboard.

goes flailing along, and there's more and more little mantas all around us. It's quite a sight! We let her alone, of course. But my brother and I once chased a pretty big one which wasn't bearing. I latched on to him. You know, if you latch on to a real big manta he can give you quite a ride."

(Who was getting the ride? We weren't. That night Art showed us a sea movie about his brother had made. And there was Art, his arms around the wide wings of a 10-foot manta. And it was giving him quite a ride.)

MONDAY, JUNE 2

Weather sunny, but wind and sea still too rough to dive with comfort.

I get in my gear, go down to 60 feet with Coles. Visibility all but nil, current running strong. I have mask trouble. I surface exhausted. Art is there. (He always is when I need him.) He takes my hand and drags me back to the boat. I slough off my tank gear, snorkel away after Art and Don. They are happy. Now they can spearfish without worrying about me "down there." Sydney is following them over the high waves in the little dinghy. He pulls so hard on the oars of the *Little Seven*, trying to keep near them, that his pink heels turn white. After each spear, Art and Don come back to the dinghy to park their kill. They plop margates, hogfish, groupers (and some things I can't see) into the boat, then swim away fast. Now we are all drifting apart. I dive a little, look around. Suddenly I find I am being followed by a sinister citizen from the other side of the Salt Curtain. There is no question about it, no question at all, a three-foot barracuda is after me. I swim in a circle, trying to shake him. He won't shake. I decide he likes my looks much more than I like his—much too much "much more." I swim hard for the *Little Seven*. Then I pause and look back again. My jagged-tooth admirer has certainly grown a full foot. I swim harder, hopefully reminding myself that Art says a barracuda either "strikes fast" or not at all. Or did he say, "usually strikes fast?" I pause, look back. Comrade Barracuda is now a good six feet long. I reach the boat at last. Too winded to ask Sydney for a haul up, I grab the sides, heave ho, slip over and into the dinghy and close my eyes in relief. My hand hits something slimy. I

open my eyes. It's the plug-ugly undershot jaw of a barracuda. Half-dead, I think, "Oh, he has leaped in after me." Then I see this barracuda is wholly dead.

Sydney, whose expression hasn't changed at all during this episode, rows me back to the boat. Sydney, I perceive, is discreet. I decide I won't mention my little flap to anyone.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3

Our last day of diving. We anchor off the Southwest Reefs again. Weather reasonably sunny, wind way down. Coles and I go down to 60 feet intending to follow Art and Don's spearfishing action from the grouper's point of view. But the surge is still powerful, and the crad so dark and heavy we seem to be swimming in a railroad tunnel. I completely lose sight of the shadow of the ship's keel. I have trouble again clearing my mask. We surface to meet Don Seiler swimming toward us hard. He says, "Eight-foot shark 200 yards out. Came up from the bottom at me."

We say, "Can we get a look at him?"

I think, "Fine finale for a scuba story. Make it dramatic."

Don says, stroking to the boat, "I had to give him one, ping, with my spear. He's beat it."

No shark story this morning. Maybe the afternoon will bring one.

Afternoon. We anchor in 35 feet near reefs that almost break the surface. Coles and Dave want to make one last effort to get a few daylight pictures of reef fishes. Louisa and I go down in our lungs. Art and Don take turns at spearing fish and patrolling over us.

I take away after a passing rose-and-silver ruby-eyed squirrelfish who has flicked an impudent fin at me. He fits to a deep crevice. I peer in and see his golden tail sticking out. I know the game now, and I'm willing to play it. You reach in the hole and grab—he goes out by a convenient back entrance. I plunge my arm into the hole, up to the elbow. Ha! This hole has no back entrance. Smarty-fins is trapped there. I try to fold my hand over his back. He anchors his sharp little scissel-like dorsal fin into the coral. I pull at his tail. Too slippery. I grab him around the belly and tug. He holds firm. I am amazed so small a thing has such strength to hold on. Now Coles and Dave come down. I motion

continued

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THE HEAVEN BELOW

continued

I've got something. I do not know they are frightened, thinking something has got me. I pass my hand sharply under the belly of the fish, over his mouth, down his back, dislodging his anchoring dorsal fin. As I pull him out I feel my skin and his scales scrape against the sides of the hole. I swim away clutching him. With my hands I have caught a swimming fish. What next, my girl? Shall I catch a thrush on a bough, an owl in its hollow for Dave?

I swim about eyeing the squirrelfish, first triumphantly, then curiously, then tenderly. How pitifully captive he looks in my hand! I open my hand flat. He makes a tentative wriggle, slides off my palm. All cockiness gone, he swims slowly—and I like to think, thoughtfully—away.

(Coles says later the new race of underwater scientists are coming to the conclusion that some marine creatures have greater intelligence than many land animals. Then, I suspect, that squirrelfish is flapping himself all over the ledge because he picked a hole without any "exit, in case of humans.")

Louisa and I swim in search of further treasures. Aimlessly, we tweak the twinkling polyps until they shrink into themselves. We pick up shells and crack off brittle pieces of elkhorn coral, and pluck sea fans. I see a brilliant purple-hued vase sponge, and I garner that. We now have armfuls of last-moment souvenirs. Then I see a big dark bucket-shaped sponge. I motion to Louisa that we can use it for a basket. We drop our souvenirs into it. Then we try to pluck it off the bottom. It comes loose, but its bottom rips off and all our little treasures fall through. Louisa, laughing through her mask, goes off after queen angelfish—like mine, her favorites.

I start to throw away the sponge. It is a thing of no beauty. Suddenly I think it looks like a hat. (I am feeling a little dizzy and definitely silly.) I pay no attention to Art who dives down and signals I am almost out of air. I decide to trim the hat. I pick a single sea plume and stick it into the side of the sponge. I plop the hat upon my head, as Art comes diving down again, pointing frantically at his watch and making signs with his fingers that I have



SPONGE HAT, trimmed with a sea whip, is the final souvenir: "I tank I go home."

only two more minutes of air left.

So this is the end. . . . How do I meet it? Do I drown in gory struggle with a tiger shark? In tragic tangle with a giant octopus? Oh, no, I meet my watery end while trimming a hat. A sad hat. A sad-sack hat. In fact, a hat for Greta Garbo. My tank is out of air, so I tank I go home now. . . . I plop the hat on my head, and flipper hard for the surface. Art, his eyes wide with concern, is at my shoulder. The sponge hat drops off and we break through the Salt Curtain. I drop my mouthpiece and gulp the wind.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4

Coles, Art and Dave take us to the airport. It is raining.

"Goodbye, Coles. You have all been so very kind and so very careful of us."

"I wish we were back on the reefs this minute."

"Goodbye, Dave. Hope you got some good pictures."

"I know I got some, crud or no crud."

"Goodbye, Art. Don't forget to brush your gills every morning."

Art's smile is one of his biggest.

"Never had a better trip. We'll get a shark next time."

We're made it.

We board Skyborne, we look down. A lace of foam hides the reefs. We pass over the reefs, and the long billowy folds of the Salt Curtain are drawn dark against the enormous underwater room of the world. **END**



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talked out of their recently acquired farm club there. Then the Millers could move to Duluth and the St. Paul Saints to Grand Rapids or Oklahoma City.

These are only sample moves which, I feel, could prove lucrative for all concerned. There are other large cities—Dallas, Miami, Seattle—that might prove just as profitable. The important point is, get the Senators out of Washington.

CLYDE DAWSON

Fort Stanton, N. Mex.

SALUTE THE SAILFISH

Sirs:

I was completely intrigued with your recent article about Sailfish (SI, July 21). Being a novice to boating, and wishing to get my feet wet in a financially painless way, I would appreciate any information you might have concerning a national club or association for Sailfishers; any such organizations in or near Kansas City; companies who manufacture the boats, either in complete form or in kits.

FREDERIC T. NORTON

Merriam, Kans.

● Mr. Norton and the scores of other prospective Sailfishers who have written to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should write to Alex Bryan, designer and manufacturer, at Alcott, Inc., P.O. Box 1345, Waterbury, Conn., for the name of the nearest dealer. There is as yet no national Sailfish association (it is not a registered class boat), but there are many regional clubs whose members are quick to spot other sailing snafus. —ED.

Sirs:

Kudos to you for your picture story on Sailfish, but you didn't say nearly enough. These are remarkable craft.

While you pictured them as primarily a boat for small inland lakes, a group of us have a fleet of eight or so which we have sailed in gusty, treacherous Lake Michigan for the past four years (with crash boat in attendance, of course).

They plane at 10 knots. They can overtake an Arrow or similar 16- to 18-foot boat on a broad reach when the wind is steady at 15 mph or better. In light winds you can sail them lying supine to cut down wind resistance. They can be put out through the surf in a strong northeast wind while other, trailer-mounted boats have to stand idle. Then you can ride them back onto the beach atop a breaker under full sail.

A class of Sailfish was entered for the first time last year in the Chicago Daily News Regatta and passed dinghies and sailing canoes in races around the same course.

A Sailfish is tricky, and sailors with considerable years of experience in small craft often go to pieces first time aboard. As one Mackinac veteran said, perhaps overenthusiastically, "Brother, if you can race these things you can race anything!"

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THE CARPENTERS AND THE WILLIAMSES

'We play that they may learn'

On Saturday, August 23 Ruly Carpenter and Pat Williams will take time off from playing semiprofessional baseball and trot out into the hot sun of the University of Delaware stadium to participate in the third All-Star Football Game. In the stands will be fathers Bob Carpenter, owner of the Philadelphia Phillies, and Jim Williams, insurance man, who have organized this annual event for the benefit of the Delaware Foundation for Retarded Children.

The game is a north-south contest between the best players from all

schools in the state. Both boys played on the Tower Hill School's undefeated teams of '56 and '57, and both are outstanding performers in other sports. Ruly opened the 1958 baseball season by pitching two successive no-hitters (SCOREBOARD, April 28) which were caught by Pat.

The fathers, too, have much to share. Both men played varsity football—Carpenter at Duke and Williams at North Carolina—and each has a retarded child. To them the game's slogan, "We play that they may learn," has a special meaning.

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